

Spw

1218

Spw
12 18

Englisches
Lesebuch

zur

Erlernung der Umgangssprache

mit

Hinweisung auf meine englische
Sprachlehre.

Von

J. L. Kühne,

Doctor der Philosophie und Professor abendländischer
Sprachen in Marburg.

Hannover,

bei den Brüdern Hahn

1814.



Einleitung

1. Buch

2.

2. Buch

3.

3. Buch

4. Buch

5.

5. Buch

6. Buch

7. Buch

8. Buch

9. Buch

10. Buch



Vorbericht.

Gegenwärtiges Lesebuch hat einen doppelten Zweck, nämlich den Anfänger in die Umgangssprache der Engländer einzumweihen, und ihm die Regeln meiner Sprachlehre, durch die angehängte Hinweisung auf selbige, klar und geläufig zu machen.

Der erste Zweck, hoffe ich, soll dadurch erreicht werden, daß ich der Jugend angenehme Erzählungen, Schilderungen und Gespräche aus anerkannt guten Schriftstellern vorlege. Schon die Namen Addison, Brydone, Chesterfield, Colman, Cook, Goldsmith, Johnson, Lyttelton, Robertson, Sterne, bürgen für die Richtigkeit des Inhalts und der Sprache. Hat sich der Lernende in den Ausdrücken und Wendungen des gemeinen Lebens eine hinreichende Kenntniß

durch anhaltende Lectüre erworben, dann erst dürfte ihm die philosophische Sprache eines Shaftesbury und ähnlicher großer englischer Weltweisen, wie auch die der Dichter verständlich werden.

Sicher wird der andere Zweck nicht verfehlt, wenn der Anfänger sich die Mühe gibt, die Regeln fleißig nachzuschlagen. Durch Theorie gelangt man zur Ausübung; denn diese ist ohne jene von keinem Nutzen.

Marburg, den 20sten September 1814.

The benevolent Peddler.

An inhabitant of a village was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery was complete. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.

The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. „Dearest husband!“ said the distracted mother, „shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish? Have we given them birth, only to behold them die of hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love! Behold their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me, I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own! Run, fly to the next town, . . . speak our distresses . . . let not a false shame conceal them! . . . Every moment you lose, is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps heaven may yet be touched by our miseries. You may find some good-hearted person, who may relieve us.“

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence, which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. No one would

assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred. A peddler passing by, he stopped him. The peddler made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.

No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and, returning to the peddler, threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. „Take back your money“, said he; — „believe how much it has cost me, before I could be resolved to commit this crime. My heart has been unused to guilt. Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive, . . . you will pity me, . . . you will be my benefactor, my preserver.“

The poor honest peddler raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitations, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter the ruinous habitation! How moving every object! The children almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger, — and the mother, a picture of the deepest distress.

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife. „You know“, he said, „with what eagerness I went to town, in hopes of finding some relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have, in luxury and idle expences. Refused by all . . . desperate . . . furious . . . I went into a neighbouring wood . . . Can you believe it? . . . I have dared to lay violent hands on this good man; — I have dared . . . Oh! I cannot tell you.“

„Pity my poor babes!“ exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the peddler;

„consider our miserable situation. Alas! poverty has not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband; . . . I implore your compassion for these wretched infants.“

The good peddler, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor people. „I am your friend“, said he. „Take these twenty crowns, . . . I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future.“ — „What!“ answered the peasant, „instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to be my protector? — Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take this money.“ — The peddler insisting still, compels him to take it. The whole family kiss the benevolent hand, which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only on every face can speak their grateful hearts, and the peddler retires with that sweet delight, which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Honesty rewarded.

Perrin lost both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity-house for his education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in the neighbourhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious. Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father. She blushed and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her ab-

sence was chosen for making the proposal. — You want to marry my daughter? said the old man. Have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do." — But, replied the youth, I have hands to work: I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expence of the wedding: I'll work harder, and lay up more. — „Well," said the old man, „you are young, and may wait a little. Get rich, and my daughter is at your service." — Perrin waited for Lucetta returning in the evening. — „Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. — „Ah, Lucetta," replied Perrin, „how unhappy am I for being poor! But I have not lost all hopes: my circumstances may change for the better." — As they never tired of conversing together, the night drew on, and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighbourhood, he found that it was filled with gold. — „I thank heaven, cried he in a transport, for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." — In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. „This money is not ours. It belongs to some stranger; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice: he has always been kind to me." — Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention. He admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. — „Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments: heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner. He will reward your honesty: I will add what I can spare. You shall have Lucetta."

The bag was advertised in the news-papers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time being elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin: „These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit. You may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner, as to ensure the sum itself to the owner, if he shall appear.“ — A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family-affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them still more to each other. Perrin, one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned, with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. „This spot“, cried one of the gentlemen, „is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here twelve thousand livres.“ — Perrin listened with attention. — „What search made you for them?“ said he. — „It was not in my power“, replied the stranger, „to make any search. I was hurrying to the port to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail.“ —

Next morning Perrin shewed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. „All these are your property“, said he, addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; „the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you.“ — The stranger read the instrument with emotion. He looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. „Where am I“, cried he, „and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low? Have you any other land but this farm?“ — „No“, replied Perrin; but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here.“ — „Your honesty deserves a better recompense“, answered the stranger.

„My success in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune; keep it as your own. What man in the world would have acted like you?“ — Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. „My dear children“, said he, „kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse.“ — Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those, who desire the reward, practise the virtue.

The eldest son of Perrin, named George, was taken prisoner by the Indians at a battle in North-America, and carried to their town to be sacrificed in the usual barbarous manner. He was tied to a stake, and on the verge of the most cruel tortures, when an old Indian of authority starting up, reprieved him from death, and took him for a slave. His treatment was humane, and his servitude tolerable. A year and a half passed in this manner, when an engagement happened between the English and Indians. The old man taking George to an eminence, addressed him as follows: „My friend, you see the men of your country are going to attack us. You have lived with me a year and a half: you came to me totally ignorant of our ways and customs; I have made a man of you. I have taught you to build canoes, to kill beaver, to hunt, and to swim through a river. You have learnt the war-dance, the art of making bows and arrows. Are you not obliged to me? George expressing his gratitude, the Indian asked him: „Have you a father?“ — „I believe he is living“, replied George. — „Poor man! I pity him! cried the savage.“ „Know I was once a father; my son fell at my side, fell gloriously covered with wounds; — but I revenged his death; I scalped and then killed his enemy.“ Making here a pause, he proceeded, „Behold that sun! with what a brightness it shines to you! Since that day a cloud has darkened all its radiance in my eyes. — See that tree, which blossoms so fair for you; to me it

has lost all its beauty. — Go — return to your father. Let the sun shine with all its brightness for him, and the tree appear in all its beauty.”

George found his father and all his family alive; he would often exclaim: Father, I never departed from the lesson you gave me, and therefore Heaven has brought me back to you.

The Journey of Life.

By Sam. Johnson.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning-song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered

with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was

thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, „tell me“, said the hermit, „by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.“ Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

„Son“, said the hermit, „let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness

of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

Mount Aetna; its higher regions.

By Brydone.

The ascent for some time was not steep; and as the surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerable good footing; but as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labour greatly increase; however, we determined to persevere, calling to mind in the midst of our labour, that the emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same; and from the same motive too, to see the rising sun from the top of Aetna. After incredible labour and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an ancient structure, called *Il Torre del Filosofo*, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation

here, the better to study the nature of mount Aetna. By others it is supposed to be the ruins of a temple to Vulcan, whose shop, all the world knows, was ever kept in this mountain. I found the mercury had fallen to 20: 6. We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We found ourselves more struck with veneration than below, and at first were at a loss to know the cause; till we observed with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased; and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour that blunts and confuses every ray, before it reaches the surface of the earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, What a glorious situation for an observatory! Had Empedocles had the eyes of Galileo, what discoveries must he not have made! We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move amongst the forests, but whether an Ignis Fatuus, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors called Falling stars, which still appeared to be as much elevated above us, as when seen from the plain, so that in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon after arrived at the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its center. This conical mountain is of a very great size; its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. The mercury had fallen to $20: 4\frac{1}{2}$ — We found this mountain excessively steep; and although it had appeared black, yet it was likewise covered with snow, but the surface (luckily for us) was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes, thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to get to the top; as the snow was every where frozen hard and solid, from the piercing cold of the air.

In about an hour's climbing, we arrived at a place where there was no snow; and where a warm and comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. Here I found the mercury at $19: 6\frac{1}{2}$. The thermometer was fallen three degrees below the point of congelation; and before we left the summit of Aetna, it fell two degrees more, viz. to 27. — From this spot it was only about 300 yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time, to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. — The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world,

This point or pinnacle raised on the brink of a bottomless gulph, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun, advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and shewed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided; till the morning by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulphs, from whence no ray was reflected to shew their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight; catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene. — All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time, that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. — The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map; and can trace every river through all its windings from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision, to interrupt it;

so that the sight is every where lost in immensity: and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs that the coast of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon cannot be less than 2000 miles: at Malta, which is near 200 miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region; and that island is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain; so that at the whole elevation, the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or 400 miles, which makes 800 for the diameter of the circle, and 2400 for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene. I find, indeed, by some of the Sicilian authors, particularly Massa, that the African coast, as well as that of Naples, with many of its islands, have been discovered from the top of Aetna. Of this, however, we cannot boast, though we can very well believe it. Indeed, if we knew the height of the mountain, it would be easy to calculate the extent of its visible horizon, and (*vice versa*) if its visible horizon was exactly ascertained, it would be an easy matter to calculate the height of the mountain. But the most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying round it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision, that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of Aetna; the distances appearing reduced to nothing. Perhaps this singular effect is produced by the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser; which (from a well known law in optics) to an observer in the rarer medium, appears to lift up the objects that are at the bottom of the dense one, as a piece of money placed in a basin appears lifted up as soon as the basin is filled with water.

The *regione deserta* or the frigid zone of Aetna, is the first object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the centre of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head, and the regions of intense cold and of intense heat seem for ever to be united in the same point. — On the north side of the snowy region, they assure us, there are several small lakes that are never thawed; and that in many places the snow, mixed with the ashes and salts of the mountain, is accumulated to a vast depth. And indeed, I suppose the quantity of salts contained in this mountain, is one great reason of the preservation of its snows. — The *regione deserta* is immediately succeeded by the *silvosa*, or the woody region, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, which surrounds the mountain on all sides, and is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This presents a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even like the greatest part of the latter; but is finely variegated by an infinite number of those beautiful little mountains that have been formed by the different eruptions of Aetna. All these have now acquired a wonderful degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed; that is, within these five or six hundred years: for it certainly requires some thousands to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection. We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them.

The circumference of this zone or great circle on Aetna is no less than 70 or 80 miles. It is every where succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields that compose the *regione culta*, or the fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to Recupero, is 183 miles. It is likewise covered with a number of little co-

nical and spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colours, and makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east, and on all its other sides by the rivers Semetus and Alcantara, which run almost round it. The whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys, looked upon as the favourite possession of Ceres herself, and the very scene of the rape of her daughter Proserpine.

Cast your eyes a little farther, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers and mountains, delineated in the great chart of Nature: all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach; for it is no where bounded, but every where lost in the space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track visible even in the sea and air. By degrees this is shortened, and, in a little time, is confined only to the neighbourhood of Aetna.

We had now time to examine a fourth region of this wonderful mountain, very different, indeed, from the others, and productive of very different sensations; but which has, undoubtedly, given being to all the rest; I mean the region of fire.

The present crater of this immense volcano is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space, issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent, till coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind; which happily for us, carried it exactly

to the side opposite to that where we were placed. The crater is so hot, that it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to go down into it; besides, the smoke is very incommodious, and, in many places, the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking down in it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the centre of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano; that tremendous gulph so celebrated in all ages, looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life; and equally useful to ancient poets, or to modern divines, when the Muse, or when the Spirit inspires. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been considered as the place of the damned. When we reflect on the immensity of its depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued; the force of its internal fire, to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support it as it were in the air, and even force it over the very summit of the crater, with all the dreadful accompaniments; the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountain, the explosions of flaming rocks, etc. we must allow, that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful.

It was with a mixture both of pleasure and pain, that we quitted this awful scene. But the wind had risen very high, and clouds began to gather round the mountain. In a short time they formed like another heaven below us, and we were in hopes of seeing a thunder-storm under our feet: a scene that is not uncommon in these exalted regions, and which I have already seen on the top of the high Alps. But the clouds were soon dispelled again by the force of the wind, and we were disappointed in our expectations.

By the same.

Of the four cities that composed the ancient Syracuse, there remains only Ortigia, by much the smallest, situated in the island of that name. It is about two miles round, and supposed to contain about 14000 inhabitants. The ruins of the other three, Tycha, Acradina, and Neapoli, are computed at twenty-two miles in circumference, but almost the whole of this space is now converted into rich vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields; the walls of these are indeed every where built with broken marbles full of engravings and inscriptions, but most of them defaced and spoiled. The principal remains of antiquity are a theatre and amphitheatre; many sepulchres, the Latomie, the Catacombs, and the famous ear of Dionysius, which it was impossible to destroy.

The Latomie now makes a noble subterraneous garden, and is indeed one of the most beautiful and romantic spots I ever beheld. Most of it is about one hundred feet below the level of the earth, and of an incredible extent. The whole is hewn out of a rock as hard as marble, composed of a concretion of shells, gravel, and other marine bodies. The bottom of this immense quarry, from whence probably the greatest part of Syracuse was built, is now covered with an exceeding rich soil; and as no wind from any point of the compass can touch it, it is filled with a great variety of the finest shrubs and fruit-trees, which bear with vast luxuriance, and are never blasted. The oranges, citrons, bergamots, pomegranates, figs, etc. are all of a remarkable size and fine quality. Some of these trees, but more particularly the olives, grow out of the hard rock, where there is no visible soil; and exhibit a very uncommon and pleasing appearance.

There is a variety of wild and romantic scenes in this curious garden; in the midst of which we were surprised by the appearance of a figure under one of her

caverns, that added greatly to the dignity and solemnity of the place. — It was that of an aged man, with a long flowing white beard that reached down to his middle. His old wrinkled face and scanty grey locks pronounced him a member of some former age as well as of his. His hands, which were shook by the palsy, held a sort of pilgrim's staff; and about his neck there was a string of large beads with a crucifix hanging to its end. — Had it not been for these marks of his later existence, I don't know but I should have asked him, whether, in his youth, he had not been acquainted with Theocritus and Archimedes, and if he did not remember the reign of Dionysius the tyrant. But he saved us the trouble, by telling us he was the hermit of the place, and belonged to a convent of Capuchins on the rock above; that he had now bid adieu to the upper world, and was determined to spend the rest of his life in this solitude, in prayer for the wretched mortals that inhabit it.

This figure, together with the scene in which it appears, are indeed admirably well adapted, and reflect a mutual dignity upon each other. We left some money upon the rock; — for the Capuchins, who are the greatest beggars on earth, never touch money, but save their too tender consciences, and preserve their vows unbroken, by the simple device of lifting it with a pair of pincers, and carrying it to market in their sack or cowl. This I have seen more than once. — We were much delighted with the Latomie, and left it with regret. It is the very same that has been so much celebrated by Cicero about 1800 years ago. A little to the west of it is supposed to have stood the country-house, the sale of which you will remember he gives so lively and pleasant an account of; by which a goldsmith (I have forgot his name) cheated a Roman nobleman in a very ingenious manner.

The ear of Dionysius is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern cut out of the hard rock, in the form of a human ear. The perpendicular height of it is about 80 feet, and the length of this enormous ear is not less than 250. The cavern was said to be so contrived, that every sound made in it, was collected and united into one point, as into a focus; this was called the tympanum; and exactly opposite to it the tyrant had made a small hole, which communicated with a little apartment where he used to conceal himself. He applied his own ear to this hole, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was spoken in the cavern below. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of it made, than he put to death all the workmen that had been employed in it. He then confined all that he suspected were his enemies; and by over-hearing their conversation, judged of their guilt, and condemned and acquitted accordingly.

As this chamber of Dionysius is very high in the rock, and now totally inaccessible, we had it not in our power to make proof of this curious experiment, which our guides told us had been done some years ago by the captain of an English ship.

The echo in the ear is prodigious; much superior to any other cavern I have seen. The holes in the rock, to which the prisoners were chained, still remain, and even the lead and iron in several of them. We surprised a poor young porcupine who had come here to drink, of whom our guides made lawful prize. — Near to this there are caverns of a great extent, where they carry on a manufactory of nitre, which is found in vast abundance on the sides of these caves.

The amphitheatre is in the form of a very excentric ellipse, and is much ruined; but the theatre is so entire, that most of the gradini or seats still remain. Both these are in that part, of the city that was called Neapoli,

or the New City. However, it is but a small theatre in comparison of that of Taurominum. We searched among the sepulchres, several of which are very elegant, for that of Archimedes; but could see nothing resembling it. — At his own desire it was adorned with the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder, but had been lost by his ingrateful countrymen, even before the time that Cicero was quaestor of Sicily. It is pleasant to observe, with what eagerness this great man undertakes the search of it, and with what exultation he describes his triumph on the discovery.

The catacombs are a great work, little inferior either to those of Rome or Naples, and in the same style. There are many remains of temples. The duke of Montalbano, who has written on the antiquities of Syracuse, reckons near twenty; but there is hardly any of these that are now distinguishable. A few fine columns of that of Jupiter Olympius still remain; and the temple of Minerva (now converted into the cathedral of the city, and dedicated to the Virgin) is almost entire. They have lately built a new façade to it; but I am afraid they have not improved on the simplicity of the antique. It is full of broken pediments, and I think in a bad style.

Ortigia, the only remaining part of Syracuse, was anciently an island; it is often denominated such by Virgil, Cicero, and many of the greek and latin historians. In latter ages, and probably by the ruins of this mighty city, the strait that separated it from the continent, was filled up; and it had now been a peninsula for many ages; till the king of Spain, at a vast expence, cut through the neck of land that joined it to Sicily, and has again reduced it to its primitive state. Here he has raised a noble fortification, which appears to be almost impregnable. There are four strong gates, one within the other, with each a glacis, covered way, scarp and counterscarp, and a broad deep ditch filled with sea-

water, and defended by an immense number of embrasures.

The Spectator.

By Addison.

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning, how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head, that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber, to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day, that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before was an honest hearty man, had put me into an Advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words: „Where as a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington, if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.“ As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow - woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour

in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney, if water, to my bason: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise model'd her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried, pish! and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (tho' I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face, as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestick animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them, that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book, that I took out of my pocket,

heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes, that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a churchyard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the Red-sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken, if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it, as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company, how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I use to do. This put me under some apprehensions, that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract, when they are young, and are not able to shake off, when they are in years. I have known a soldier, that has enter'd a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few, whose minds

are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, to pull the old woman out of our hearts, as Persius says, and extinguish those impertinent notions, which we imbibed at a time, that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions, as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him, who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe, that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone: But instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think, that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage :

-- -- Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,

Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonick number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

The following letter being the first, that I have received from the learned University of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of Philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

Cambridge, April 28.

Mr. Spectator,

„Believing you to be a universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are in the language of our University called Lowngers. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripateticks, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that tho' the ancient Peripateticks walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others; whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of

the sect have a great deal of the cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine: But then again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion that it's death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness of their heads deduce the pedigree of Lowngers from that great Man (I think it was either Plato or Socrates) who after all his study and learning professed, that all he then knew, was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

I have with great pains and industry made my observations from time to time, upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, in which I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, etc. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laertius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me, briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims: The fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. That time being an implacable enemy to and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented. Another favourite saying of theirs is, that business was designed only for knaves, and study for blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives, and is this, that the devil is at home. Now for their manner of living: and here I have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended dis-

course, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficient employ themselves in inspecting the manners of many men, in getting acquainted with all signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great a knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time an old woman's cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters, as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial; and is true to the dial, *as the dial to the sun, although it be not shone upon.* Our younger students are content to carry their speculations, as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch of my design, in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

I am, Sir,

Yours."

I must be so just as to observe, I have formerly seen of this sect at our other University; tho' not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my correspondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak eyes and sometimes head-aches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with a heaviness in removing to another.

The Lowngers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and they do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expence of his time is transferr'd

to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of drefs. This, methinks, might diversify the person, he is weary of to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in publick assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the Lowngers leave an academick life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town, as have arrived at the dignity of being Lowngers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen a University; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.

Constantia was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her

fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, in so much that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, whom he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune, and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia.

„The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

Theodosius.“

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind sometime before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted; she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius; in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after

some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, tho' neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name and family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him

the name of father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father, who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparallel'd fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted . . . to tell her that

her sins were forgiven her . . . that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended . . . that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her application. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions, when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father Francis, that the very day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and father Francis; from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

„As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose

death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father, to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we had for one another, will make us more happy in its disappointment, than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, tho' not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in father

Francis."

Constantia saw the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she; Theodosius is still in being: I shall live with comfort and die in peace.

The letters which the father sent her afterwards, are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his deathbed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who, at that time, was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure; and now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper,

let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it . . . She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose :

„Here lie the bodies of father Francis and sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.“

Dialogue of the Dead.

By Lyttelton.

Louis. Who, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the trade of a shipwright in the dockyards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the surname of *Great*.

Peter. Which of us best deserved that title, posterity will decide. But my greatness appeared sufficiently in that very act which seemed to you a debasement.

Louis. The dignity of a King does not stoop to such mean employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the eyes of my subjects or foreigners, but in all the splendour and majesty of royal power.

Peter. Had I remained on the throne of Russia, as my ancestors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous greatness, I should have been idolized by my people, as much at least as you ever were by the French. My despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil customs ; have taught them arts, civility, navigation, and war ; have exalted them from

brutes in human shapes into men. In this was seen the extraordinary force of my genius beyond any comparison with all other kings, that I thought it no degradation, or diminution of my greatness, to descend from my throne, and go and work in the dock-yards of a foreign republic; to serve as a private sailor in my own fleets, and as a common soldier in my own army, till I had raised myself, by my merit, in all the several steps and degrees of promotion, up to the highest command, and had thus induced my nobility to submit to a regular subordination in the sea and land-service, by a lesson hard to their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other master, or by any other method of instruction.

Louis. I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgment was perverted by the prejudices arising from my own education, and the ridicule thrown upon it by some of my courtiers, whose minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the greatness of yours in that situation.

Peter. It was an act of more heroism than any ever done by Alexander or Caesar. Nor would I consent to exchange my glory with theirs. They both did great things; but they were at the head of great nations, far superior in valour and military skill to those with whom they contended. I was the king of an ignorant, undisciplined, barbarous people. My enemies were at first so superior to my subjects, that ten thousand of them could beat a hundred thousand Russians. They had formidable navies: I had not a ship. The king of Sweden was a prince of the most intrepid courage, assisted by generals of consummate knowledge in war, and served by soldiers so disciplined, that they were become the admiration and terror of Europe. Yet I vanquished these soldiers; I drove that prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at sea as well as land;

I new-created my people; I gave them arts, science, policy; I enabled them to keep all the powers of the North in awe and dependance, to give kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman emperors, to mix with great weight in the affairs of all Europe. What other man has ever done such wonders as these? Read all the records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in comparison with me!

Louis. Your glory would indeed have been supreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your subjects, you had reformed the brutality of your own manners, and the barbarous vices of your nature. But, alas! the legislator, and reformer of the Muscovites was drunken and cruel.

Peter. My drunkenness I confess: nor will I plead, to excuse it, the example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious passions of anger, and produced actions, of which our reason, when sober, was ashamed. But the cruelty you upbraid me with, may in some degree be excused, as necessary to the work I had to perform. Fear of punishment was in the hearts of my barbarous subjects the only principle of obedience. To make them respect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whose minds could be ruled, like a fine managed horse, with an easy and gentle rein. The fear of shame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Russians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally suitable to the nations over which we reigned. But what excuse can you find for the cruel violence you employed against your protestant subjects? They desired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourself had confirmed; and they repaid that protection by the most hearty zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either

to quit the religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native land, and endure all the woes of a perpetual exile. If the rules of policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries its manufactures and commerce, I am surprised that your heart itself did not stop you. It makes one shudder to think, that such orders should be sent from the most polished court in Europe, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed without remorse and compassion.

Louis. It was not my heart, but my religion, that dictated these severities. My confessor told me, they alone would atone for all my sins.

Peter. Had I believed in my patriarch, as you believed in your priest, I should not have been the great monarch that I was. — But I mean not to detract from the merit of a prince whose memory is dear to his subjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the highest praise to a king. My people also date their glory from the aera of my reign. But there is this capital distinction between us. The pomp and pageantry of state were necessary to your greatness: I was great in myself, great in the energy and powers of my mind, great in the superiority and sovereignty of my soul over all other men.

Several Letters from a Chinese Philosopher, residing in London; or the Citizen of the World.

By Goldsmith.

In every letter I expect accounts of some new revolutions in China, some strange occurrence in the state,

or disaster among my private acquaintance. I open every packet with tremulous expectations, and am agreeably disappointed, when I find my friends and my country continuing in felicity. I wander, but they are at rest; they suffer few changes but what pass in my own restless imagination; it is only the rapidity of my own motion gives an imaginary swiftness to objects which are in some measure immoveable.

Yet, believe me, my friend, that even China itself is imperceptibly degenerating from her ancient greatness; her laws are now more venal, and her merchants are more deceitful than formerly; the very arts and sciences have run to decay. Observe the carvings of our ancient bridges; figures that add grace even to nature. There is not an artist now in all the empire that can imitate their beauty. Our manufactures in porcelain too, are inferior to what we once were famous for; and even Europe now begins to excel us. There was a time when China was the receptacle of strangers, when all were welcome, who either came to improve the state, or admire its greatness! now the empire is shut up from every foreign improvement; and the very inhabitants discourage each other from prosecuting their own internal advantages.

Whence this degeneracy in a state so little subject to external revolutions? How happens it that China which is now more powerful than ever, which is less subject to foreign invasions, and even assisted in some discoveries, by her connexions with Europe: whence comes it, I say, that the empire is thus declining so fast into barbarity?

This decay is surely from nature, and not the result of voluntary degeneracy. In a period of two or three thousand years, she seems at proper intervals, to produce great minds, with an effort resembling that which introduces the vicissitudes of seasons. They rise up at once, continue for an age, enlighten the world,

fall like ripened corn, and mankind again gradually relapse into pristine barbarity. We little ones look around, are amazed at the decline, seek after the causes of this invisible decay, attribute to want of encouragement what really proceeds from want of power, are astonished to find every art and every science in the decline, not considering that autumn is over, and fatigued nature begins to repose for some succeeding efforts.

Some periods have been remarkable for the production of men of extraordinary stature; others for producing some particular animals in great abundance, some for excessive plenty; and others again for seemingly causeless famine. Nature, which shews herself so very different in her visible productions, must surely differ also from herself in the production of minds; and while she astonishes one age with the strength and stature of a Milo or a Maximin, may bless another with the wisdom of a Plato, or the goodness of an Antonine.

Let us not then attribute to accident the falling off of every nation, but to the natural revolution of things. Often in the darkest ages there has appeared some one man of surprising abilities, who, with all his understanding, failed to bring his barbarous age into refinement; all mankind seem to sleep, till nature give the general call, and then the whole world seemed at once roused at the voice; science triumphed in every country, and the brightness of a single genius seemed lost in a galaxy of contiguous glory.

Thus the enlightened periods of every age have been universal. At the time when China first began to emerge from barbarity, the western world was equally rising into refinement; when we had our Yau, they had their Sesostris. In succeeding ages, Confucius and Pythagoras seem born nearly together; and a train of philosophers then sprung up as well in Greece as in China. The period of renewed barbarity began to have a universal spread much about the same time, and con-

tinued for several centuries till in the year of the Christian aera 1400, the emperor Yonglo arose, to revive the learning of the east; while about the same time, the Medicean family laboured in Italy, to raise infant genius from the cradle: thus we see politeness spreading over every part of the world in one age, and barbarity succeeding in another; at one period, a blaze of light diffusing itself over the whole world, and at another, all mankind wrapped up in the profoundest ignorance.

Such has been the situation of things in times past; and such probably it will ever be. China, I have observed, has evidently begun to degenerate from its former politeness; and were the learning of the Europeans at present candidly considered, the decline would perhaps appear to have already taken place. We should find among the natives of the west, the study of morality displaced for mathematical disquisition, or metaphysical subtilities; we should find learning begin to separate from the useful duties and concerns of life; while none ventured to aspire after that character but they who know much more than is truly amusing or useful. We should find every great attempt suppressed by prudence, and the rapturous sublimity in writing cooled by a cautious fear of offence. We should find few of those daring spirits, who bravely venture to be wrong, and who are willing to hazard much for the sake of great acquisitions. Providence has indulged the world with a period of almost four hundred years refinement; does it not now by degrees sink us into our former ignorance, leaving us only the love of wisdom, while it deprives us of its advantages? Adieu.

From the Same.

The princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribbon, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinction are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services; and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while an European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehensions of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardships for empty favours. A person, already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniencies from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep before he came to be a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station, as well as in his public capacity, and indulge at home every favourite inclination, uncensured and unseen by the people.

What real good then does an addition to a fortune, already sufficient, procure? Not any. Could the great

man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.

Was he, by having his one thousand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives, or eat two dinners, then, indeed, he might be excused for undergoing some pain, in order to extend the sphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen, as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyments diminishes as his fortune happens to increase.

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbersome heap of finery; for our pleasure, the lackeyed train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty, may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavouring to think so ourselves.

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station be troublesome enough to the ambitious, yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a ribbon. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke or a duchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for themselves; if they chuse to exhibit in public with a hundred

lacquies and mameluks in their equipage for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure, they are only the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

A mandarine, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly Bonze, who following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the mandarine. Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. — No, replied the other; but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not much desire. Adieu.

From the same.

Though not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces, the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be the first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified

to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the shew myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalides which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen. A poor cobbler sat in his stall by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own, his want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion: perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

„How, my friend, said I to him, can you continue to work, while all those fine things are passing by your door?“ — „Very fine they are, master, returned the cobbler, for those that like them, to be sure, but what are all those fine things to me? You do not know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked, you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folks, what should I get by my journey but an appetite; and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a-day, and a supper at night, are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called

me into this world in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folks, and they no business with me." I here interrupted him with a smile. „See this last, master, continues he, and this hammer; this last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world; nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass just now, have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them: now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer.“

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity, to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher; I therefore insensibly led him into a history of his adventures. „I have lived, said he, a wandering life, now five and fifty years, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing.“ You have been a traveller, then, I presume, interrupted I. — „I cannot boast much of travelling, continued he, for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in at some time or another. When I began to settle and to take my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps, a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making; there was one who actually died in a stall, that I had left, worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches.“

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fire-side, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. „Aye, that I have, master, replied he, for sixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, heaven knows. My wife took it into her head, that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money; so, though our comings-in was but about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon, she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after it. The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual; so that I was at last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last in despair to the ale-house; here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and ran in score when any body would trust me; till at last the landlady, coming one day with a long bill, when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall, after she was dead, for money, but she had hidden it so effectually, that with all my pains, I could never find a farthing.“

By this time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home, to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend. Adieu.

Generosity properly applied, will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those we converse with; it will procure esteem and a conduct resembling real affection, but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase,

no rewards encrease, nor any liberality continue it; the very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections upon the object he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor good will, may load the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, untinged with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for former benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men, we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits wear a load till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation, and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind; proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we love, without exulting in our choice; while he who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea, as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom. Love and gratitude are seldom, therefore, found in the same

breast, without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other singly to those we converse with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to encrease, we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations, all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to tenderness.

In all our connections with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force: we should seem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections; for constraint may indeed leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due.

But it were much more prudent to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive but little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude, but they cost them very much from whom we exact them in return; exacting a grateful acknowledgment, is demanding a debt by which the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor pays with reluctance.

As Mencius the philosopher was travelling in the pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying, while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. Enter, cries the hermit, in a severe tone, men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in

examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue.

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, the actions of whom taught the truest lessons of wisdom. Mention not the name of man, cries the hermit with indignation; here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here, among the beasts of the forest, I shall find no flatterers; the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it. — You have been used ill by mankind, interrupted the philosopher shrewdly. — Yes, returned the hermit, on mankind I have exhausted my whole fortune, and this staff and that cup, and those roots, are all that I have in return. — Did you bestow your fortune, or did you only lend it? returned Mencius. — I bestowed it, undoubtedly, replied the other, for where were the merit of being a money lender? — Did they ever own that they received it? still adds the philosopher. — A thousand times, cries the hermit; they every day loaded me with professions of gratitude for obligations received, and solicitations of future favours. — If then, said Mencius smiling, you did not lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of ingratitude; they owned themselves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each favour by frequently acknowledging the obligation. — The hermit was struck with the reply, and surveying his guest with emotion, said: I have heard of the great Mencius, and you certainly are the man; I am now four-score years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to the school of man, and educate me as one of the most ignorant and the youngest of your disciples.

Indeed, my son, it is better to have friends in our passage through life, than grateful dependents; and as love is more willing, so it is a more lasting tribute than

extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged, gratitude once refused can never after be recovered; the mind that is base enough to disallow the just return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in its new acquired freedom, and in some measure is pleased with conscious baseness.

Very different is the situation of disagreeing friends, their separation produces mutual uneasiness: like that divided being in fabulous creation, their sympathetic souls once more desire their former union, the joys of both are imperfect, their gayest moments tinctured with uneasiness; each seeks for the smallest concessions to clear the way to a wished for explanation; the most trifling acknowledgment, the slightest accident, serves to effect a mutual reconciliation.

But instead of pursuing the thought, permit me to soften the severity of advice, by an European story, which will fully illustrate my meaning.

A fiddler and his wife, who had rubbed through life, as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well, one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right, and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case? The quarrel grew worse, by explanations, and at last the fury of both rose to such a pitch, that they made a vow never to sleep together in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined; for they still were friends at bottom, and besides they had but one bed in the house; however, resolved they were to go through with it, and at night the fiddlecase was laid in bed between them, in order to make a separation. In this manner they continued for three weeks; every night the fiddlecase being placed as a barrier to divide them. By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their resentment was at end, and their love began to

return; they wished the fiddlecase away, but both had too much spirit to begin. One night, however, as they were both lying awake with the detested fiddlecase between them, the husband happened to sneeze, to which the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him. Ay, but, returns the husband, woman, do you say that from your heart? — Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas, cried his wife; I say it with all my heart. — If so then; says the husband, we had as good remove the fiddlecase.

The Europeans are themselves blind, who describe fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her; coquet like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming table, be very sure fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheel-barrow, as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make fortune your friend, or to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire: when people say, "money is to be got here, and money is to be got there," take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are; and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neigh-

hour has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you, in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed, that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own, in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once; but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? he, who despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious: nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted: he and I are intimate: he stood for a child of mine: but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to chuse his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor, he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him, but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires, he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging those wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of

money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. — Here am I, says he, toiling and moiling from morning till night, for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan! how sily would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me! and then, o the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large and flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity; his wishes in this were also answered, he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met, was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he

came to the broad flat stone, but then so large, that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. — Here, cried he, in raptures to himself, here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must even go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up. Away therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined, she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning therefore speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not indeed the expected treasure but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

B y t h e s a m e.

NO observation is more common and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity

and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities, while Tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure, without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin complain of their misfortunes and hardships; whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life, while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections, from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he

was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows.

"As for my misfortune, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet."

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune."

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when

I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, feed and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond."

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my belly-ful to eat and drink, and did not work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off with two hundred men, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained, were sickly enough, God knows. When we came a shore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do."

„When my time was expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see old England again; because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs, when I could get them."

„I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.”

„When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India company's service. I have fought the French in six battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our Captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.”

„The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow; he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.”

„Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was

seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on my bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand.

„Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French centry's brains.?“ I don't care, say I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand.“ „Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business.“ So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchman. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

„Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea.“

„We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The flight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.“

„I was once more in the power of the French, and, I believe, it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Brest; but by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost

my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been intitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance. One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and old England. Liberty, property, and old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

A Sentimental Journey.

By Sterne.

— They order, said I, this matter better in France. —

— You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. — Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights — I'll look into them: so giving up the argument — I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches — „the coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve, will do“ — took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning — by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricasseed chicken so incontestably in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d'Aubaine* — my shirts,

and black pair of silk breeches — portmanteau and all must have gone to the king of France — even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. — Ungenerous! — to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast — by heaven! *Sire*, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renown'd for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with. —

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions. —

When I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper — I rose an inch taller for the accommodation.

— No — said I — the Bourbon race is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek — more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced!

— Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompres'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with. — In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate — the arteries beat all cheerily to-

gether, and every power which sustained life, perform'd it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most physical *précieuse* in France; with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine. —

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go — I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself. —

— Now, was I a king of France, cried I — what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me!

I had scarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies — or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant — but be it as it may — for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves — 'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, „I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame,“ than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

— But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket — button'd it up — set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his

figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy — but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than fifty. — Truth might lie between — He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads, which Guido has often painted — mild, pale — penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth — it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bent forwards in the figure — but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right) — when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order — and did it with so simple a grace — and such an air of deprecation was there in

the whole cast of his look and figure — I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it. —

— A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

— 'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address — 'tis very true — and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick — I felt the full force of the appeal. — I acknowledge it, said I — a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet — are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm — the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full chearfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate. — The monk made me a bow — but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore. — The monk gave a cordial wave with his head — as much as to say: No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. — But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal — we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour — and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have

no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry. — Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none — but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door — Psha! said I with an air of carelessness, three several times — but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language — I consider'd, his grey hairs — his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me? — and why I could use him thus? — I would have given twenty livres for an advocate — I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

The good old monk was (some days after) within six paces of me and the lady, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. — He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuffbox in his hand, he presented it open to me. — You shall taste mine — said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand — 'Tis most excellent, said the monk. Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. — *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together — you never used me unkindly. — I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel, to analyse. — Excuse me, *Madame*, replied I — I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations. — 'Tis impossible, said the lady. — My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him — the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal. — The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. — We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction — he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest — but be it as it would — he begg'd we might exchange boxes. — In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiss'd it — with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom — and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited,

and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandon'd the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off; I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him — when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears — but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

I had once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting. — Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A servant! That I do most sadly, quoth I. — Because, *Monsieur*, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman. — But why an English one, more than any other? — They are so generous, said the landlord. — I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night. — But they have wherewithal to be so, *Monsieur*, added he — Set down one livre more for that, quoth I. The landlord called in *La Fleur*, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of — saying only first, that as

for his talents, he would presume to say nothing — *Monsieur* was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of *La Fleur*, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon — and *La Fleur*, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

I am apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account — and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case — and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When *La Fleur* enter'd the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first — and then began to inquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them — besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

— Now poor *La Fleur* could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him — he retired *à ses terres*, and

lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu* — that is to say, upon nothing.

— And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of your's thro' France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon de voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match — he is not ill off. — But you can do something else, *La Fleur*? said I — *O que oui!* — he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle — Bravo! said *Wisdom* — Why, I play a bass myself, said I — we shall do very well. You can shave, and dress a wig a little, *La Fleur*? — He had all the dispositions in the world. — It is enough for heaven! said I, interrupting him — and ought to be enough for me. — So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other — I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

As *La Fleur* went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow — he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul, as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, tho' very good in themselves, happen'd to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper — it supplied all defects. — I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own — I was going to have added, of his too; but *La Fleur* was out of

the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger, or thirst, or cold, or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck *La Fleur* met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by — he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am — it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, *La Fleur* had a small cast of the coxcomb — but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art: and before I had been three days in Paris with him, he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

The next morning *La Fleur* entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise — get the horses put to — and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about *La Fleur*, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. *La Fleur* kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montruil where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, „He is always in love“. — I am heartily glad of it, said I — 'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so

much La Fleur's elege, as my own, having been in love with one princefs or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up — I can scarce find in it, to give Misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

— But in saying this — surely I am commending the passion — not myself.

When all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, „let them go to the devil“ — 'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enough without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I will counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them — they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first publick act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well - a - way! said I. I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for'em.

A poor tatter'd soul without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the

circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux Dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

— I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offer'd a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined. — The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness. — *Prenez en — prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch. — Pity thy box should ever want one! said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it — taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it. — He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first — 'twas doing him an honour — the other was only doing him a charity — and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

— Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service — here's a couple of sous for thee. — *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged. — The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et très-charitable Monsieur! — There's no opposing this, said I.

Milord Anglois — the very sound was worth the

money — so I gave my last sous for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd, ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days. — Good God! said I — and I have not one single sous left to give him. — But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me — so I gave him — no matter what — I am ashamed to say *how much*, now — and was ashamed to think, how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but, *Dieu vous bénisse — et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore* — said the old soldier, the dwarf etc. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing — he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away — and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

Having settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and *La Fleur* having got one large jackboot on the far side of a little *bidet*, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs) — he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince. —

— But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life! A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to *La Fleur's* career — his *bidet* would not pass by it — a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, *Diab!e!* so presently got up and came to the charge again astride his *bidet*, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The *bidet* flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again — then this way — then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead afs. — *La Fleur* insisted upon the thing — and the *bidet* threw him.

What's the matter, *La Fleur*, said I, with this *bidet* of thine? — *Monsieur*, said he, *c'est le cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde.* — Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I — so *La Fleur* got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the *bidet* took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montriul. — *Peste!* said *La Fleur.* —

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horse in jackboots, there remained no alternative but taking *La Fleur* either behind the chaise, or into it. —

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nampont.

— And this, said a man, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet — and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. — I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his afs, and to the very afs we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned *La Fleur's* misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his, but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the afs's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time — then laid them

down — look'd at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand — then laid it upon the bit of his afs's bridle — looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made — and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

— He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his afs died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute — and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey — that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern. — *La Fleur* offered him money. — The mourner said, he did not want it — it was not the value of the afs — but the loss of him. — The afs, he said, he was assured, loved him — and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them

from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him. — Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive — but now that he is dead, I think otherwise. — I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him — they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. — Shame on the world! said I to myself. — Did we love each other, as this poor soul loved his as — 'twould be something. —

From the Vicar of Wakefield.

I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, „As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home.“ It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter, nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. „Gentlemen“, cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, „my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation.“ However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absur-

dity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. „My dear Sir“, cried she, „to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest“. Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with the most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: and the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged now, insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. „Alas! Madam“, cried I, „he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear Madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us“. The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however,

some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learnt in a day; „But this gentleman“, continued he, seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down.“ This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the playhouse, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went, was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sate for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable. The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what

were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable revery by miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect; and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisted beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

After we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline, but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. „Why, ay, my son“, cried I, „you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world. — Yes, Sir, replied my son, but travelling after Fortune, is not the way to secure her; and indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit. — I fancy, Sir, cried Mrs. Arnold, that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation. — Madam, replied my son, I promise you, the

pleasure you have in hearing, will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; and yet in the whole narrative I can scarce promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another, and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but chearful as the birds that carolled by the road, and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, Sir, was to be usher at an Academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. Ay, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career, that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out, to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? — No. — Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys hair? — No. — Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox? — No. — Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? — No. — Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a

good stomach? — Yes. — Then you will by no means do for a school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade: at present I'll shew you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence; all honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised; men, Sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiqua mater of Grubstreet with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she granted I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore drest up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import, but some splendid things, that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing. The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sate self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.

Well said, my boy, cried I; and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy? But I interrupt, go on; you published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?

Sir, replied my son, the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, I see, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily for the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my

life for it, you succeed, and we divide the spoil.

Bless us, George, cried I, and is this the employment of poets now! Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary! Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?

O no, Sir, returned he, a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius, there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so he is equally a coward to contempt, and none but those who are unworthy of protection, condescend to solicit it.

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little pieces would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publication, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Phileleutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors, like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts, was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write

with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation, he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance; and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.

What did you say, George? interrupted I. Thornhill, was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord. — Bless me, cried Mrs. Arnold, is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.

My friend's first care, continued my son, was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own cloaths, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sate for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Beside this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the cork-screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble, and, if I could, to be very happy.

In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from

several for his stupidity; yet he found many of them who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came aukward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his commendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes, Pray, Sir, cried he, inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess your merits, you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me, for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some

punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance. — The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter so gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand, and of happy contrivance: the paintings, the furniture, the gildings petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom! sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the bearer of this here letter? I answered with a bow. I learn by this, continued he, as how that — But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card, and without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favour. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an

answer, half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

My patience, continued my son, was now quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me: but in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of 30 l. a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, representing a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me,

and slapping his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pensylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises: for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. But, continued he, I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam: what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English, added he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself

therefore to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but happening into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature (for by the way it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects) from him I learnt that there were not two men in this whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like Aesop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed at first to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: You see me, young man, continued he; I never learnt Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek: I have

ten thousand florins a year without Greek: I eat heartily without Greek; and in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.

I was now too far from home to think of returning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement, into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house, towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt; a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, in-

taglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stept into taste and large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a conoscente so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe, that the picture might have been better, if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. But, says he, as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris.

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my drefs by his assistance, and after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside, and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company, that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction,

as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governour, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil in fact understood the art of guiding, in money concerns, much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West-Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expence of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents,

there are upon certain days philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner therefore I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down, my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians, that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it: that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.

The Island of Otaheite.

By Cook.

The island of Otaheite is situated in the South - sea, between 149 and 150 deg. W. long., and between 17 and 18 S. lat. It consists of two peninsulas, and measures about 30 leagues in circuit. It is surrounded by a reef of coral rock, which forms several excellent bays and harbours, where there is room and depth of water for any number of the largest ships. The face of the country, except that part of it which borders upon the sea, is very uneven; it rises in ridges that run up into the middle of the island, and there forms mountains which may be seen at the distance of 60 miles. Between the foot of these ridges and the sea is a border of low land, surrounding the whole island, except in a few places where the ridges rise directly from the sea. The soil is extremely rich and fertile, watered by a great number of rivulets of excellent water, and covered with fruit-trees of various kinds, some of which are of a stately growth and thick foliage, so as to form one continued wood. The low land that lies between the foot of the ridges and the sea, and some of the vallies, are the only parts that are inhabited, and here it is populous. The houses do not form villages or towns, but are ranged along the whole border at the distance of about fifty yards from each other, with little plantations of plantains, the tree which furnishes them with cloth. The whole island could furnish 6780 fighting men, from which the number of inhabitants may easily be computed. Though this island produces no kind of fruit that is common in Europe, nor garden stuff, pulse, legumes, nor grain of any kind, yet it abounds in fruit, etc. of various kinds: these, which serve the inhabitants for food, the earth produces spontaneously, or with so little culture, that they seem to be exempted from the

general curse, that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. — Of tame animals they have only hogs, dogs, and poultry; neither is there a wild animal in the island, except ducks, pigeons, paroquets, with a few other birds, and rats, there being no other quadruped, nor any serpent. But the sea abounds in plenty of most excellent fish, to catch which is their principal labour.

The inhabitants of Otaheite are of the largest size of Europeans. The men are tall, strong, well limbed, and finely shaped. The women of superior rank are also of our middle stature, but those of the inferior class are rather below it. — The natural complexion of the women is that kind of clear olive, or brunette, which many people in Europe prefer to the finest white and red. In those that are exposed to the wind and sun, it is considerably deepened; but in others that live under shelter, especially the superior class of women, it continues of its native hue, and the skin is most delicately sweet and soft. They have no tint in their cheeks which we distinguish by the name of colour. The shape of the face is comely: the cheek-bones are not high, neither are the eyes hollow, nor the brow prominent; the only feature that does not correspond with our ideas of beauty is the nose, which in general is somewhat flat; but their eyes are full of expression, sometimes sparkling with fire, and sometimes melting with softness. Their teeth also are, without exception, most beautifully even and white, and their breath perfectly without taint.

Their hair is almost universally black, and rather coarse. The men have beards, which they wear in many fashions, always however plucking out great part of them, and keeping the rest perfectly clean and neat. Both sexes also eradicate every hair from under their arms, and accused the English of great uncleanness for not doing the same. In their motions there are at once vigour and ease; their walk is graceful, their de-

portment liberal, and their behaviour to strangers and to each other affable and courteous. In their dispositions, also, they seem to be brave, open, and candid, without either suspicion or treachery, cruelty or revenge. They were, however, all thieves, and when that is allowed, they need not much fear a competition with the people of any other nation upon earth. During our stay in the island, we saw five or six persons whose skins were of a dead white, like the nose of a white horse; with white hair, beard, brows, and eye-lashes; red, tender eyes; a short sight, and scurfy skins, covered with a kind of white down; but we found that no two of these belonged to the same family, and therefore concluded that they were not a species, but unhappy individuals, rendered anomalous by disease.

It is a custom in most countries where the inhabitants have long hair, for the men to cut it short, and the women to pride themselves in its length. Here, however, the contrary custom prevails: the women always cut it short round their ears, and the men generally suffer it to flow in large waves over their shoulders, or tie it up in a bunch on the top of their heads. They have a custom also of anointing their heads with an oil expressed from the cocoa-nut, in which some sweet herbs or flowers have been infused. As this oil is generally rancid, the smell is at first very disagreeable to an European; and as they live in a hot country, and have no such thing as a comb, they are not able to keep their heads free from lice, which the children and common people sometimes pick out and eat — a hateful custom! wholly different from their manners in every other particular; for they are delicate and cleanly almost without example, and those to whom we distributed combs, soon delivered themselves from vermin, with a diligence which shewed that they were not more odious to us than to them.

They have a custom of staining their bodies, nearly

in the same manner as is practised in many other parts of the world, which they call *tattowing*. This operation is performed upon the youth of both sexes about twelve or fourteen years of age, on several parts of the body, and in various figures, according to the fancy of the parent, or perhaps the rank of the party. The women are generally marked with this stain, in the form of a Z, on every joint of their fingers and toes, and frequently round the outside of their feet. The men are also marked with the same figure, and both men and women have squares, circles, crescents, and ill-designed representations of men, birds, or dogs, and various other devices impressed upon their legs and arms.

Their clothing consists of cloth or matting of different kinds. The cloth, which will not bear wetting, they wear in dry weather, and the matting when it rains. They are put on in many different ways, just as their fancy leads them; for in their garments nothing is cut into shape, nor are any two pieces sewed together. The people of rank are distinguished from the inferior sort only by the quantity of cloth they wrap round them. In the heat of the day, however, they appear almost naked, the women having only a scanty petticoat, and the men nothing but a sash that is passed between the legs and fastened round the waist. In the evening, the women of rank sometimes uncover themselves as low as the waist, throwing off all their upper garments with the same negligence and ease as our ladies would lay by a cardinal or handkerchief. The children go quite naked; the girls till they are three or four years old, and the boys till they are six or seven.

Their houses are all built in the woods, between the sea and the mountains, and no more ground is cleared for each house than what is just sufficient to prevent the dropping of the branches from rotting the thatch with which they are covered; from the house therefore the inhabitant steps immediately under the shade, which

is the most delightful that can be imagined. It consists of groves of bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, without under-wood, which are intersected in all directions by the paths that lead from one house to the other. Nothing can be more grateful than this shade in so warm a climate, nor any thing more beautiful than these walks. As there is no under-wood, the shade cools without impeding the air; and the houses, having no walls, receive the gale from whatever point it blows.

I shall now give a description of a house of a middling size, from which, as the structure is universally the same, a perfect idea may be formed, both of those that are bigger, and those that are less. — The ground which it covers, is an oblong square, twenty four feet long, and eleven wide. Over this a roof is raised, consisting of two flat sides, inclining to each other, exactly like roofs of our thatched houses. The utmost height within is about nine feet, and the eaves upon each side reach to about three feet and a half of the ground: below this, and through the whole height at each end, it is open, no part of it being inclosed with a wall. The roof is thatched with palm-leaves, and the floor is covered some inches deep with soft hay, over which are laid mats; so that the whole is one cushion, upon which they sit in the day, and sleep in the night. The house is indeed principally used as a dormitory; for, except it rains, they eat in the open air, under the shade of the next tree. The clothes they wear in the day, serve them for covering in the night. The floor is the common bed of the whole household: the master of the house and his wife sleep in the middle; next to them the married people; next to them the unmarried women; and next to them, at a little distance, the unmarried men: the servants, except when it rains, sleep in the open air. —

Of the food eaten here, the greatest part is vegetable. Small fish, when they catch any, is generally eaten raw. They have but two ways of applying fire to dress

their animal food, viz. broiling and baking. The operation of broiling is so simple that it requires no description: that of baking is performed as follows. They kindle a fire by rubbing the end of one piece of dry wood upon the side of another; then they dig a pit about half a foot deep, and two or three yards in circumference; they pave the bottom with large pebble-stones, which they lay down very smooth, and then kindle a fire on it with dry wood, leaves, etc. When the stones are sufficiently heated, they take out the embers, and rake up the ashes on every side; then they cover the stones with a layer of green cocoa-nut tree leaves, and wrap up the animal, that is to be dressed, in the leaves of the plantain. When it is placed in the pit, they cover it with the hot embers, and lay upon them bread-fruit and yams, which are also wrapped up in the leaves of the plantain; over these they spread the remainder of the embers, mixing among them some of the hot stones, with more cocoa-nut-tree leaves upon them, and then close up **all** with earth, so that the heat is kept in. In due time the oven is opened, and the meat taken out, which is tender, full of gravy, and better in every respect than when dressed in any other way. They have no sauce but salt-water, nor any knives but shells, with which they carve very dexterously. For drink, they have in general nothing but water, or the juice of the cocoa-nut; the art of producing liquors that intoxicate, by fermentation, being happily unknown among them. We were, however, informed that some of them sometimes drink the juice expressed from the leaves of a plant called Ava Ava, till they became drunk; but this was generally considered as a disgrace. Table they have none; but their apparatus for eating is set out with great neatness. They commonly eat alone, their customs not allowing that any two should share together in the same meals.

Among the natives who were almost constantly with

our people, during their stay here, was a person by the name of Tupia, who had been minister of queen Oberca, and having been also a chief priest of the island, was consequently well acquainted with the religion of the country, as well with respect to its ceremonies as principles. He had likewise great experience and knowledge in navigation, and was particularly acquainted with the number and situation of the neighbouring islands. This man had often expressed a desire to go with us, and on the 12th. of July, 1769, in the morning, having with the other natives left us the day before, he came on board, with a boy about thirteen years of age, his servant; and urged us to let him proceed with us on our voyage. To have such a person on board was certainly desirable for many reasons: by learning his language, and teaching him ours, we should be able to acquire a much better knowledge of the customs, policy, and religion of the people, than our short stay among them could give us; I therefore gladly agreed to receive him on board. —

The Conspiracy of Fiesco.

By Wil. Robertson.

The form of government which had been established in Genoa, at the time when Andrew Doria restored liberty to his country, though calculated to obliterate the memory of former dissensions, and received at first with eager approbation, did not, after a trial of near twenty years, give universal satisfaction to those turbulent and factious republicans. As the entire administration of affairs was now lodged in a certain number of noble families, many envying them that pre-eminence, wished

for restitution of a popular government, to which they had been accustomed; and though all revered the disinterested virtue of Doria, and admired his talents, not a few were jealous of that ascendant which he had acquired in the councils of the commonwealth. His age, however, his moderation, and love of liberty, afforded ample security to his countrymen that he would not abuse his power, nor stain the close of his days by attempting to overturn that fabric, which it had been the labour and pride of his life to erect. But the authority and influence which in his hands were innocent, they easily saw would prove destructive, if usurped by any citizen of greater ambition, or less virtue. A citizen of this dangerous character had actually formed such pretensions, and with some prospect of success. Giannettino Doria, whom his grand uncle Andrew destined to be the heir of his private fortune, aimed likewise at being his successor in power. His temper, haughty, insolent, and overbearing to such a degree, as would hardly have been tolerated in one born to reign, was altogether insupportable in the citizen of a free state. The more sagacious among the Genoese already feared and hated him as the enemy of those liberties for which they were indebted to his uncle; while Andrew himself, blinded by that violent and indiscriminating affection which persons in advanced age often contract for the younger members of their family, set no bounds to the indulgence with which he treated him; seeming less solicitous to secure and perpetuate the freedom of the commonwealth, than to aggrandize that undeserving kinsman.

But whatever suspicion of Doria's designs, or whatever dissatisfaction of the system of administration in the commonwealth, these circumstances might have occasioned, they would have ended, it is probable, in nothing more than murmuring and complaints, if John Lewis Fiesco count Lavagna, observing this growing disgust, had not been encouraged by it to attempt one of the boldest actions

recorded in history. That young nobleman, the richest and most illustrious subject in the republick, possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities which win upon the human heart, which command respect, or secure attachment. He was graceful and majestic in his person; magnificent to profusion; of a generosity that prevented the wishes of his friends and exceeded the expectations of strangers; of an insinuating address, gentle manners, and a flowing affability. But under the appearance of these virtues, which seemed to form him for enjoying and adorning civil life, he concealed all the dispositions which mark men out for taking the lead in the most dangerous and dark conspiracies; an insatiable and restless ambition, a courage unacquainted with fear, and a mind that disdained subordination. Such a temper could ill brook that station of inferiority, where he was placed in the republick; and as he envied the power which the elder Doria had acquired, he was filled with indignation at the thoughts of its descending, like an hereditary possession, to Giannetino. These various passions, preying with violence on his turbulent and aspiring mind, determined him to attempt overturning that domination to which he could not submit.

At first he thought of an alliance with Francis, and even proposed it to the French ambassador at Rome, as the most effectual means of accomplishing this, and after expelling Doria, together with the Imperial faction, by his assistance he resolved to put the republick once more under the protection of that monarch, hoping in return for that service to be entrusted with the principal share in the administration of government. But having communicated his scheme to a few chosen confidants, from whom he kept nothing secret, Verrina, the chief of them, a man of desperate fortune, capable alike of advising and executing the most audacious deeds, remonstrated with earnestness against the folly of exposing himself to the most imminent danger, while he allowed

another to reap all the fruits of his success; and exhorted him warmly to aim himself at that pre-eminence in his country, to which he was destined by his illustrious birth, was called by the voice of his fellow-citizens, and would be raised by the zeal of his friends. This discourse opened such vast prospects to Fiesco, and so suitable to his genius, that abandoning his own plan, he eagerly adopted that of Verrina. The other persons present, though sensible of the hazardous nature of the undertaking, did not chuse to condemn what their patron had so warmly approved. It was instantly resolved, in this dark cabal, to assassinate the two Dorias, as well as the principal persons of their party, to overturn the established system of government, and to place Fiesco on the ducal throne of Genoa. Time, however, and preparations were requisite to ripen such a design for execution; and while he was employed in carrying on these, Fiesco made it his chief care to guard against every thing that might betray his secret, or create suspicion. The disguise he assumed, was of all others the most impenetrable. He seemed to be abandoned entirely to pleasure and dissipation. A perpetual gaiety, diversified by the pursuit of all the amusements becoming his age and rank, engrossed in appearance the whole of his time and thoughts. But amidst this hurry of dissipation, he prosecuted his plan with the most cool attention, neither retarding the design by a timid hesitation, nor precipitating the execution by an excess of impatience. He continued his correspondence with the French ambassador at Rome, though without communicating to him his real intentions, that by his means he might secure the protection of the French arms, if hereafter he should find it necessary to call them to his aid. He entered into a close confederacy with Farnese, Duke of Parma, who being disgusted with the Emperor for refusing to grant him the investiture of that duchy, was eager to promote any measure that tended to diminish his influence in Italy, or to ruin a family so implicitly

devoted to him as that of Doria. Being sensible that, in a maritime state, the acquisition of naval power was what he ought chiefly to aim at, he purchased four galleys from the Pope, who probably was not unacquainted with the design which he had formed, and did not disapprove of it. Under colour of fitting out one of these galleys to sail on a cruise against the Turks, he not only assembled a good number of his own vassals, but engaged in his service many bold adventurer, whom the truce between the Emperor and Solyman had deprived of their usual occupation and subsistence.

While Fiesco was taking these important steps, he preserved so admirably his usual appearance of being devoted entirely to pleasure and amusement, and paid court with such artful address to the two Dorias, as imposed not only on the generous and insuspicious mind of Andrew, but deceived Giannetino, who, conscious of his own criminal intentions, was more apt to distrust the designs of others. So many instruments being now prepared, nothing remained but to strike the blow. Various consultations were held by Fiesco with his confidants, in order to settle the manner of doing it with the greatest certainty and effect. At first, they proposed to murder the Dorias and their chief adherents, during the celebration of high mass in the principal church; but as Andrew was often absent from religious solemnities, on account of his great age, that design was laid aside. It was then concerted that Fiesco should invite the uncle and nephew, with all their friends whom they had marked out as victims, to his house: where it would be easy to cut them off at once without danger or resistance; but as Giannetino was obliged to leave the town on the day which they had chosen, it became necessary likewise to alter the plan. They at last determined to attempt by open force what they found difficult to effect by stratagem, and fixed on the night between the second and third of January, for the execution of their enterprize.

The time was chosen with great propriety; for as the Doge of the former year was to quit his office, according to custom, on the first of the month, and his successor could not be elected sooner than the fourth, the republic remained during that interval in a sort of anarchy, and Fiesco might with less violence take possession of the vacant dignity.

The morning of that day Fiesco employed in visiting his friends, passing some hours among them with a spirit as gay and unembarrassed as at other times. Towards evening he paid court to the Dorias with his usual marks of respect, and surveying their countenance and behaviour with the attention natural in his situation, was happy to observe the perfect security in which they remained, without the least foresight or dread of that storm which had been so long a gathering, and was now ready to burst over their heads. From their palace he hastened to his own, which stood by itself in the middle of a large court, surrounded by a high wall. The gates had been set open in the morning, and all persons, without distinction, were allowed to enter, but strong guards, posted within the court, suffered no one to return. Verriana, meanwhile, and a few persons trusted with the secret of the conspiracy, after conducting Fiesco's vassals as well as the crews of his galleys into the palace in small bodies, with as little noise as possible, dispersed themselves through the city, and in the name of their patron invited to an entertainment the principal citizens whom they knew to be disgusted with the administration of the Dorias, and to have inclination as well as courage to attempt a change in the government. Of the vast number of persons who now filled the palace, a few only knew for what purpose they were assembled; the rest astonished at finding, instead of the preparation for a feast, a court crowded with armed men, and apartments filled with the instruments of war, gazed on each other with a mixture of curiosity, impatience, and terror.

While their minds were in this state of suspense and agitation, Fiesco appeared. With a look full of alacrity and confidence, he addressed himself to the persons of chief distinction, telling them that they were not now called to partake of the pleasure of an entertainment, but to join in a deed of valour, which would lead them to liberty and immortal renown. He set before their eye the exorbitant as well as intolerable authority of the elder Doria, which the ambition of Giannettino, and the partiality of the Emperor to a family more devoted to him than to their country, was about to enlarge and to render perpetual. This unrighteous domination, continued he, you have it now in your power to subject, and to establish the freedom of your country on a firm basis. The tyrants must be cut off. I have taken the most effectual measures for this purpose. My associates are numerous. I can depend on allies and protectors if necessary. Happily the tyrants are as secure as I have been provident. Their insolent contempt of their countrymen has banished the suspicion and timidity which usually render the guilty quick-sighted to discern, as well as sagacious to guard against the vengeance which they deserve. They will now feel the blow, before they suspect any hostile hand to be nigh. Let us then sally forth, that we may deliver our country by one generous effort, almost unaccompanied with danger, and certain of success. These words, uttered with that irresistible fervour which animates the mind when roused by great objects, made the desired impression on the audience. Fiesco's vassals, ready to execute whatever their master should command, received his discourse with a murmur of applause. To many whose fortunes were desperate, the licence and confusion of an insurrection afforded an agreeable prospect. Those of higher rank and more virtuous sentiments, durst not discover that surprise or horror with which they were struck at the proposal of an enterprize no less unexpected than atrocious; as each of

them imagined the other to be in the secret of the conspiracy, and saw himself surrounded by persons who waited only a signal from their leader to perpetrate the greatest crime. With one voice then all applauded, or feigned to applaud, the undertaking.

Fiesco having thus fixed and encouraged his associates, before he gave them his last orders, he hastened for a moment to the apartment of his wife, a lady of the noble house of Cibo, whom he loved with tender affection, and whose beauty and virtue rendered her worthy of his love. The noise of the armed men who crowded the court and palace, having long before reached her ears, she concluded some hazardous enterprize to be in hand, and she trembled for her husband. He found her in all the anguish of uncertainty and fear; and as it was now impossible to keep his design concealed, he informed her of what he had undertaken. The prospect of a scene so full of horror as well as danger, completed her agony; and foreboding immediately in her mind the fatal issue of it, she endeavoured by her tears, her entreaties, and her despair, to divert him from his purpose. Fiesco, after trying in vain to sooth and to inspire her with hope, broke from a situation into which an excess of tenderness had unwarily seduced him, though it could not shake his resolution. „Farewell“, he cried, as he quitted the apartment, „you shall either never see me more, or you shall behold to-morrow every thing in Genoa subject to your power.“

As soon as he rejoined his companions, he allotted each his proper station; some were appointed to assault and seize the different gates of the city; some to make themselves masters of the principal streets or places of strength: Fiesco reserved for himself the attack of the harbour where Doria's galleys were laid up, as the post of chief importance, and of greatest danger. It was now midnight, and the citizens slept in the security of peace, when this band of conspirators, numerous, desperate,

and well armed, rushed out to execute their plan. They surprised some of the gates, without meeting with any resistance. They got possession of others after a sharp conflict with the soldiers on guard. Verrina, with the galley which had been fitted out against the Turks, blocked up the mouth of the Darsena or little harbour where Doria's fleet lay. All possibility of escape being cut off by this precaution, when Fiesco attempted to enter the galleys from the shore to which they were made fast, they were in no condition to make resistance, as they were not only unrigged and disarmed, but had no crew on board, except the slaves chained to the oar. Every quarter of the city was now filled with noise and tumult, all the streets resounding with the cry of *Fiesco* and *liberty*. At that name, so popular and beloved, many of the lower rank took arms, and joined the conspirators. The nobles and partisans of the aristocracy, astonished or affrighted, shut the gates of their houses, and thought of nothing than securing them from pillage. At last, the noise excited by this scene of violence and confusion, reached the palace of Doria; Giannettino started immediately from his bed, and imagining that it was occasioned by some mutiny among the sailors, rushed out with a few attendants, and hurried towards the harbour. The gate of St. Thomas, through which he had to pass, was already in the possession of the conspirators, who, the moment he entered, fell upon him with the utmost fury, and murdered him on the spot. The same must have been the fate of the elder Doria, if Jerome de Fiesco had executed his brother's plan, and had proceeded immediately to attack him in his palace; but he, from the sordid consideration of preventing its being plundered, amidst the confusion, having forbid his followers to advance, Andrew got intelligence of his nephew's death, as well as of his own danger; and mounting on horseback, saved himself by flight. Amidst this general consternation, a few senators had the courage to assemble

in the palace of the republick. At first, some of the most daring among them attempted to rally the scattered soldiers, and to attack a body of the conspirators; but being repulsed with loss, all agreed that nothing now remained, but to treat with the party which seemed to be irresistible. Deputies were accordingly sent to learn of Fiesco, what were the concessions with which he would be satisfied, or rather to submit to whatever terms he should please to prescribe.

But by this time Fiesco, with whom they were empowered to negotiate, was no more. Just as he was about to leave the harbour, where every thing had succeeded to his wish, that he might join his victorious companions, he heard some extraordinary uproar on board the Admiral galley. Alarmed at the noise, and fearing that the slaves might break their chains and overpower his associates, he ran thither; but the plank, which reached from the shore to the vessel, happening to overturn, he fell into the sea, whilst he hurried forward too precipitately. Being loaded with heavy armour, he sunk to the bottom, and perished in the very moment when he must have taken full possession of every thing that his ambitious heart could desire. Verrina was the first who discovered this fatal accident, and foreseeing at once all its consequences, concealed it with the utmost industry from every one but a few leaders of the conspiracy. Nor was it difficult, amidst the darkness and confusion of the night, to have kept it secret, until a treaty of the senators should have put the city in the power of the conspirators. All their hopes of this were disconcerted by the imprudence of Jerome Fiesco, who, when the deputies of the senate inquired for his brother, the count of Lavagna, that they might make their proposals to him, replied with a childish vanity, „I am now the only person to whom that title belongs, and with me you must treat.“ These words discovered as well to his friends as to his enemies what had happened, and made

the impression which might have been expected, upon both. The deputies, encouraged by this event, the only one which could occasion such a sudden revolution as might turn to their advantage, assumed instantly, with admirable presence of mind, a new tone, suitable to the change in their circumstances, and made high demands. While they endeavoured to gain time by protracting the negociation, the rest of the senators were busy in assembling their partisans, and in forming a body capable of defending the palace of the republick. On the other hand, the conspirators, astonished at the death of a man whom they adored and trusted, and placing no confidence in Jerome, a giddy youth, felt their courage die away, and their arms fall from their hands. That profound and amazing secrecy with which the conspiracy had been concerted, and which had contributed hitherto so much to its success, proved now the chief cause of its miscarriage. The leader was gone, the greater part of those who acted under him, knew not his confidents, and were strangers to the object at which he aimed. There was no person among them whose authority or abilities entitled him to assume Fiesco's place, or to finish his plan; after having lost the spirit which animated it, life and activity deserted the whole body. Many of the conspirators withdrew to their houses, hoping that amidst the darkness of the night they had passed unobserved, and might remain unknown. Others sought for safety by a timely retreat; and before break of day, most of them fled with precipitation from a city which, but a few hours before, was ready to acknowledge them as masters.

Next morning every thing was quiet in Genoa; not an enemy was to be seen; few marks of the violence of the former night appeared, the conspirators having conducted their enterprize with more noise than bloodshed, and gained all their advantages by surprise, rather than by force of arms. Towards evening, Andrew Doria re-

turned to the city, being met by all the inhabitants, who received him with acclamations of joy. Though the disgrace as well as danger of the preceeding night, were fresh in his mind, and the mangled body of his kinsman still before his eyes, such was his moderation as well as magnanimity, that the decree issued by the senate against the conspirators, did not exceed that just measure of severity, which was requisite for the support of government, and was dictated neither by the violence of resentment, nor the rancour of revenge.

C h e s t e r f i e l d ' s

Principles of Politeness abridged.

As all young men, on their first outset in life, are in want of some experienced and friendly hand to bring them forwards, and teach them a knowledge of the world; I think I cannot do the rising generation a greater service, than by directing the young man's steps, and teaching him how to make his way among the crowd. I will suppose him already instructed in the principles of religion, and necessity of moral virtues, for without these he must be unhappy; of course shall point out, under distinct heads, the qualifications necessary to make him well received in the world, without which he cannot expect to bear his part in life, agreeable to his own wishes, or the duty he owes to society; and as modesty is the basis of a proper reception, I shall begin with that.

Modesty is a polite accomplishment, and generally an attendant upon merit. It is engaging to the highest degree, and wins the heart of all our acquaintance. On the contrary, none are more disgustful in company than the impudent and presuming.

The man who is, on all occasions, commending and speaking well of himself, we naturally dislike. On the other hand, he who studies to conceal his own deserts, who does justice to the merit of others, who talks but little of himself, and that with modesty, makes a favourable impression on the persons he is conversing with, captivates their minds, and gains their esteem.

Modesty, however, widely differs from an awkward bashfulness, which is as much to be condemned as the other is to be applauded. To appear simple is as illbred as to be impudent. A young man ought to be able to come into a room, and address the company, without the least embarrassment. To be out of countenance when spoken to, and not to have an answer ready, is ridiculous to the last degree.

An awkward country fellow, when he comes into company, better than himself, is exceedingly disconcerted. He knows not what to do with his hands, or his hat, but either puts one of them in his pocket, and dangles the other by his side; or perhaps twirls his hat on his fingers, or fumbles with the button. If spoken to, he is in a much worse situation, he answers with the utmost difficulty, and nearly stammers; whereas a gentleman, who is acquainted with life, enters a room with gracefulness and a modest assurance, addresses even persons he does not know, in an easy and natural manner, and without the least embarrassment. This is the characteristic of good breeding, a very necessary knowledge in our intercourse with men: for one of inferior parts, with the behaviour of a gentleman, is frequently better received than a man of sense, with the address and manners of a clown.

Ignorance and vice are the only things we need be ashamed of; steer clear of these, and you may go into any company you will: not that I would have a young man throw off all dread of appearing abroad, as a fear of offending, or being disesteemed, will make him

preserve a proper decorum. Some persons, from experiencing the inconveniences of false modesty, have run into the other extreme, and acquired the character of impudent. This is as great a fault as the other. A well-bred man keeps himself within the two, and steers the middle way. He is easy and firm in every company, is modest, but not bashful, steady, but not impudent. He copies the manners of the better people, and conforms to their customs with ease and attention.

Till we can present ourselves in all companies with coolness and unconcern, we can never present ourselves well: nor will a man ever be supposed to have kept good company, or ever be acceptable in such company, if he cannot appear there pleasing and unembarrassed. A modest assurance, in every part of life, is the most advantageous qualification we can possibly acquire.

Instead of becoming insolent, a man of sense, under a consciousness of merit, is more modest. He behaves himself indeed with firmness, but without the least presumption. The man who is ignorant of his own merit, is no less a fool than he who is constantly displaying it. A man of understanding avails himself of his abilities, but never boasts of them; whereas the timid and bashful can never push himself in life, be his merit as great as it will; he will be always kept behind by the forward and the bustling. A man of abilities, and acquainted with life, will stand as firm in defence of his own rights, and pursue his plans as steadily and unmoved as the most impudent man alive; but then he does it with a seeming modesty. Thus, manner is every thing; what is impudence in one, is proper assurance only in another: for firmness is commendable, but an overbearing conduct is disgusting.

Forwardness being the very reverse of modesty, follow rather than lead the company: that is, join in discourse upon their subjects, rather than start one of your own: if you have parts, you will have opportunities

enough of shewing them on every topic of conversation, and if you have none, it is better to expose yourself upon a subject of other people's than on one of your own choosing.

But be particularly careful not to speak of yourself, if you can help it. An impudent fellow lugs in himself abruptly upon all occasions, and is ever the hero of his own story. Others will colour their arrogance with „It seems strange, indeed, that I should talk in this manner of myself; it is what I by no means like, and should never do, if I had not been cruelly and unjustly accused; but when my character is attacked, it is a justice I owe to myself to defend it.“ This veil is too thin not to be seen through on the first inspection.

Others again, with more art, will modestly boast of all the principal virtues, by calling these virtues weaknesses, and saying, they are so unfortunate as to fall into those weaknesses. „I cannot see persons suffer,“ says one of this cast, „without relieving them, though my circumstances are very unable to afford it.“ — „I cannot avoid speaking truth; though it is often very imprudent,“ and so on. In a word, he who says he is an of veracity and honour, that he wrongs no man, who wishes that what ill he has done others may fall upon himself, and swears in order to be believed, does not know even how to play the honest man.

This angling for praise is so prevailing a principle, that it frequently stoops to the lowest objects. Men will often boast of doing that which, if true, would be rather a disgrace to them than otherwise. One man affirms that he rode twenty miles within the hour; 'tis probably a lie; but suppose he did, what then? He had a good horse under him, and is a good jockey. Another swears he has often, at a sitting, drunk five or six bottles to his own share. Out of respect to him I will believe him a liar; for I would not wish to think him a beast.

These and many more are the follies of idle people, which, while they think they procure them esteem, in reality make them despised.

To avoid this contempt, therefore, never speak of yourself at all, unless necessity obliges you; and even then take care to do it in such a manner that it may not be construed into fishing for applause. Whatever perfections you may have, be assured people will find them out; but whether they do or not, nobody will take them upon your own word. The less you say of yourself, the more the world will give you credit for; and the more you say, the less they will believe you.

Of all the vices, there is no one more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. The end we design by it is very seldom accomplished, for lies are always found out, at one time or other; and yet there are persons that give way to this vice, who are otherwise of good principles, and have not been ill educated.

Lies generally proceed from vanity, cowardice, and a revengeful disposition, and sometimes from a mistaken notion of self - defence.

He who tells a malicious lie, with a view of injuring the person he speaks of, may gratify his wish for a while, but will in the end find it recoil upon himself; for as soon as he is detected, and detected he most certainly will be, he is despised for the infamous attempt, and whatever he may say hereafter of that person, will be considered as false, whether it be so or not.

If a man lies, shuffles, or equivocates, for in fact they are all alike, by way of excuse for any thing he has said or done, he aggravates the offence rather than lessens it; for the person to whom the lie is told, has a right to know the truth, or there would have been no occasion to have framed a falsehood. This person, of course, will think himself ill treated for being a second time affronted. What can be a greater affront than to attempt to impose upon any man's understanding?

Besides, lying, in excuse for a fault, betrays fear, than which nothing is more dastardly, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman.

There is nothing more manly, or more noble, if we have done wrong, than frankly to own it. It is the only way of meeting forgiveness. Indeed, confessing a fault and asking pardon, with great minds is considered as a sufficient atonement. „I have been betrayed into an error,“ or „I have injured you, sir, and am heartily ashamed of it, and sorry for it,“, has frequently disarmed the person injured, and, where he would have been our enemy, has made him our friend.

There are persons whose vanity leads them to tell a thousand lies. They persuade themselves that if it be no way injurious to others, it is harmless and innocent, and they shelter their falsehoods under the softer name of untruths. These persons are foolish enough to imagine, that if they can recite any thing wonderful, they draw the attention of the company, and if they themselves are the objects of that wonder, they are looked up to as persons extraordinary. This has made many a man see things that never were in being, hear things that never were said, and achieve feats that never were attempted, dealing always in the marvellous. Such may be assured, however unwilling the persons they are conversing with may be to laugh in their faces, that they hold them secretly in the highest contempt; for he who will tell a lie thus idly, will not scruple to tell a greater, where his interest is concerned. Rather than any person should doubt of my veracity for one minute, I would deprive myself of the pleasure of telling abroad either what I had really seen or heard, if such things did not carry with them the face of probability.

Others again will boast of the great respect they meet with in certain companies; of the honours that are continually heaped on them there; of the great price they give for every thing they purchase; and this to be

thought of consequence; but, unless such people have the best and most accurate memory, they will perhaps, very soon after, contradict their former assertions, and subject themselves to contempt and derision.

Remember then, as long as you live, that *nothing* but strict truth can carry you through life with honour and credit. Liars are not only disagreeable but dangerous companions; and when known, will ever be shunned by men of understanding. Besides, as the greatest liars are generally the greatest fools, a man who addicts himself to this despicable vice, will not only be looked upon as vulgar, but will never be considered as a man of sense.

Void of good-breeding, every other qualification will be imperfect, unadorned, and to a certain degree unavailing. Good-breeding being the result of good sense and good nature, is it not wonderful that people possessed of the one, should be deficient in the other? The modes of it, varying according to persons, places, and circumstances, cannot indeed be acquired otherwise than by time and observation; but the substance is every where and always the same.

What good morals are to society in general, good manners are to particular ones; their band and security. Of all actions, next to that of performing a good one, the consciousness of rendering a civility is the most grateful.

We seldom see a person, let him be ever so ill-bred, wanting in respect to those whom he acknowledges to be his superiors; the manner of shewing this respect, then, is all I contend for. The well-bred man expresses it naturally and easily, while he who is unused to good company, expresses it awkwardly. Study then to shew that respect, which every one wishes to shew, in an easy and graceful way; but this must be learnt by observation.

In company with your equals, or in mixed com-

panies, a greater latitude may be taken in your behaviour: yet it should never exceed the bounds of decency; for though no one, in this case, can claim any distinguished marks of respect, every one is entitled to civility and good manners. A man need not, for example, fear to put his hands in his pockets, sit, stand, or occasionally walk about the room; but it would be highly unbecoming to whistle, wear his hat, loosen his garters, or throw himself across the chairs. Such liberties are offensive to our equals, and insulting to our inferiors. Easiness of carriage by no means implies inattention and carelessness. No one is at liberty to act, in all respects, as he pleases; but is bound, by the laws of good manners, to behave with decorum.

Let a man talk to you ever so stupidly or frivolously, not to pay some attention to what he says, is savageness to the greatest degree. Nay, if he even force his conversation to you, it is worse than rudeness not to listen to him; for your inattention, in this case, tells him in express terms that you think him a blockhead, and not worth the hearing. Besides, you never can conciliate a person's affections more than by listening to him. Now, if such behaviour is rude to men, it is much more so to women, who, be their rank what it will, have on account of their sex a claim to officious attention from the men. Their little wants and whims, their likes and dislikes, and even their impertinences, are particularly attended to and flattered, and their very thoughts and wishes guessed at, and instantly gratified by every well-bred man.

In promiscuous companies, you should vary your address, agreeable to the different ages of the persons you speak to. It would be rude and absurd to talk of your amours or your pleasures to men of a certain dignity and gravity, to clergymen, or men in years; but still you should be as easy with them as with others, your manner only should be varied; you should, if possible,

double your respect and attention to them; and were you to insinuate, occasionally, that from their observation and experience you wish to profit, you would insensibly win their esteem; for flattery, if not fulsome and gross, is agreeable to all.

When invited to dinner or supper, be there always in time; never usurp to yourself the best places, the best dishes, etc. but always decline them, and offer them to others, except indeed you are offered any thing by a superior, when it would be a rudeness, if you liked it, not to accept it immediately, without the least apology. Thus, for example, was a superior, the master of the table, to offer you a thing of which there was but one, to pass it to the person next you, would be indirectly charging him, that offered it to you, with a want of good manners and proper respect to his company; or, if you were the only stranger present, it would be a rudeness if you made a feint of refusing it, with the customary apology, „I cannot think of taking it from you, sir,“ or, „I am sorry to deprive you of it;“ as it is supposed he is conscious of his own rank, and, if he chose not to give it, would not have offered it; your apology therefore, in this case, is putting him upon an equality with yourself. In like manner, it is rudeness to draw back, when requested by a superior to pass a door first, or to step into a carriage before him. In short, it would be endless to particularize all the instances in which a well-bred man shews his politeness in good company, such as not yawning, singing, whistling, warming his back at the fire, lounging, putting his legs upon the chairs, and the like, familiarities every man's good sense must condemn, and good-breeding abhor.

But good-breeding consists in more than merely not being ill-bred. To return a bow, speak when you are spoken to, and say nothing rude, are such negative acts of good-breeding, that they are little more than not being a brute. Would it not be a very poor commendation of

any man's cleanliness, to say, that he was not offensive? If we wish for the good-will and esteem of our acquaintance, our good-breeding must be active, cheerful, officious, and seducing.

For example, should you invite any one to dine or sup with you, recollect whether ever you had observed them to prefer one thing to another, and endeavour to procure that thing; when at table, say, „At such a time, I think you seemed to give this dish a preference, I therefore ordered it.“ — „This is the wine I observed you best like, I have therefore been at some pains to procure it.“ Trifling as these things may appear, they prove an attention to the person they are said to, and as attention in trifles is the test of respect, the compliment will not be lost.

I need only refer you to your own breast. How have these little attentions, when shewn you by others, flattered that self-love which no man is free from? They incline and attach us to that person, and prejudice us afterwards to all that he says or does. The declaration of the women in a great degree stamps a man's reputation of being either ill or well-bred; you must then, in a manner, overwhelm them with these attentions; they are used to them, and naturally expect them, and, to do them justice, they are seldom lost upon them. You must be sedulous to wait upon them, pick up with alacrity any thing they drop, and be very officious in procuring their carriages or their chairs in public places; be blind to what you should not see, and deaf to what you should not hear. Opportunities of shewing these attentions are continually presenting themselves; but in case they should not, you must study to create them.

If ever you would be esteemed by the women, your conversation to them should be always respectful, lively, and addressed to their vanity. Every thing you say or do, should tend to shew a regard to their beauty or good sense: even men are not without their vanities of

one kind or other, and flattering that vanity by words and looks of approbation, is one of the principal characters of good-breeding. In female conversation, be as pleasant as possible; the very name of an argument frightens a woman, who is commonly sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by any demonstration, or by all the rules of logic. You must converse with them, as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. The great secret, with them, is to be amiable without design; and whenever you commend, add your reasons for so doing. It is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the admiration of fools, and the flattery of sycophants.

Address and manners, with weak persons, who are actually three-fourths of the world, are every thing, and even people of the best understanding are taken in with them. Where the heart is not won, and the eye pleased, the mind will be seldom on our side.

In short, learning and erudition without good-breeding, is tiresome and pedantic: and an ill-bred man is as unfit for good company as he will be unwelcome in it. Nay, he is full as unfit for business as for company. Make then good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions. Be particularly observant of, and endeavour to imitate the behaviour and manners of such as are distinguished by their politeness; and be persuaded that good-breeding is to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all christian virtues: it adorns merit, and often covers the want of it:

Next to good-breeding is a genteel manner and carriage, wholly free from those ill habits and awkward actions, which many very worthy persons are addicted to.

A genteel manner of behaviour, how trifling soever it may seem, is of the utmost consequence in private life. Men of very inferior parts have been esteemed, merely

for their genteel carriage and good-breeding, while sensible men have given disgust for want of it. There is something or other that prepossesses us, at first sight, in favour of a well-bred man, and makes us wish to like him.

When an awkward fellow first comes into a room, he attempts to bow, and his sword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confused and ashamed, he stumbles to the upper end of the room, and seats himself in the very chair he should not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he presently drops; and recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and in picking up his cane, down goes his hat again: thus 'tis a considerable time before he is adjusted. When his tea or coffee is handed to him, he spreads his handkerchief upon his knees, scalds his mouth, drops either the cup or the saucer, and spills the tea or coffee in his lap. At dinner he is more uncommonly awkward: there he tucks his napkin through a button-hole, which tickles his chin, and occasions him to make a variety of wry faces; he seats himself upon the edge of the chair, at so great a distance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth; he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife, to the manifest danger of his mouth; picks his teeth with his fork, rakes his mouth with his finger, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat a dozen times, into the dish again. If he is to carve, he cannot hit the joint, but, in labouring to cut through the bone, splashes the sauce over every body's clothes. He generally daubs himself all over, his elbows are in the next person's plate, and he is up to the knuckles in soup and grease. If he drinks, it is with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with „To your good health, sir“, and „My service to you“; perhaps coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the whole table. Further, he has perhaps a number of disagreeable tricks; he snuffs up his nose, picks it with his fingers,

blows it, and looks in his handkerchief, crams his hand first into his bosom, and next into his breeches. In short, he neither dresses nor acts like any other person, but is particularly awkward in every thing he does. All this, I own, has nothing in it criminal; but it is such an offence to good manners and good-breeding, that it is universally despised; it makes a man ridiculous in every company, and of course ought carefully to be avoided by every one who would wish to please.

From this picture of the ill-bred man, you will easily discover that of the well-bred; for you may readily judge what you ought to do, when you are told what you ought not to do; a little attention to the manners of those who have seen the world, will make a proper behaviour habitual and familiar to you.

Our voice and manner of speaking should be likewise attended to. Some will mumble over their words, so as not to be intelligible, and others will speak so fast as not to be understood, and, in doing this, will sputter and spit in your face; some will bawl as if they were speaking to the deaf; others will speak so low as scarcely to be heard; and many will put their face so close to yours as to offend you with their breath. All these habits are horrid and disgusting, but may easily be got the better of, with care. They are the vulgar characteristics of a low-bred man, or are proofs that very little pains have been bestowed in his education. In short, an attention to these little matters is of greater importance than you are aware of; many a sensible man having lost ground for want of these little graces, and many a one, possessed of these perfections alone, having made his way through life, that otherwise would not have been noticed.

But, as no one can please in company, however graceful his air, unless he be clean and neat in his person, this qualification comes next to be considered. For though your clothes be plain, if they be clean, and your

linen white, it matters not that they be rich: you will be respectable without it.

Negligence of one's person not only implies an insufferable indolence, but an indifference whether we please or not. In others it betrays an insolence and affectation arising from a presumption that they are sure of pleasing, without having recourse to those means which many are obliged to use.

He who is not thoroughly clean in his person, will be offensive to all he converses with. A particular regard to the cleanliness of your mouth, teeth, hands, and nails, is but common decency. A foul mouth and unclean hands, are certain marks of vulgarity; the first is the cause of an offensive breath, which nobody can bear, and the last is declarative of dirty work; one may always know a gentleman by the state of his hands and nails. The flesh at the roots should be kept back, so as to shew the semicircles at the bottom of the nails; the edges of the nails should never be cut down below the ends of the fingers, nor should they be suffered to grow longer than the fingers. When the nails are cut down to the quick, it is a shrewd sign that the man is a mechanic, to whom long nails would be troublesome, or that he gets his bread by fiddling; and if they are longer than his fingers ends, and encircled with a black rim, it foretells he has been laboriously and meanly employed, and too fatigued to clean himself; a good apology for want of cleanliness in a mechanic, but the greatest disgrace that can attend a gentleman.

These things may appear too insignificant to be mentioned; but when it is considered that a thousand little nameless things, which every one feels, but no one can describe, conspire to form that *whole* of pleasing, I hope you will not call them trifling. Besides, a clean shirt and a clean person are as necessary to health, as not to offend other people. It is a maxim with me, which I have lived to see verified, that he who is negligent at

twenty years of age, will be a sloven at forty and intolerable at fifty.

Neatness of person, I observed, was as necessary as cleanliness; of course some attention must be paid to your dress. Such is the absurdity of the times, that to pass well with the world, we must adopt some of its customs, be they ridiculous or not.

In the first place, to neglect one's dress is to affront all the female part of our acquaintance. The women in particular pay an attention to their dress; to neglect therefore yours will displease them, as it would be tacitly taxing them with vanity, and declaring that you thought them not worth that respect which every body else does. And, as I have mentioned before, as it is the women who stamp a young man's credit in the fashionable world, if you do not make yourself agreeable to the women, you will assuredly lose ground among the men.

Dress, as trifling as it may appear to a man of understanding, prepossesses on the first appearance, which is frequently decisive. And indeed we may form some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress. Any exceeding of the fashion, or any affectation in dress whatever, argues a weakness in understanding, and nine times out of ten, it will be found so.

We should likewise proportion our dress to our persons; we cannot be neat without it. Should the fashion make every thing large, a little man is to keep a mediocrity, or he will be laughed at. Suppose it was the fashion to wear large capes; was a little man to wear a large cape too, he would be nothing but cape; if, when others hats are broad-brimmed, his should be so too, the man would be lost, and the hat (not he) be thought to walk about the streets; which would be as ridiculous to the eye, as for a painter (contrary to all rules of

proportion) to draw a large arm to a little man, or a little leg to a great one.

There are few young fellows but what display some character or other in their dress. Some would be thought fearless and brave: these wear a black cravat, a short coat and waistcoat, an uncommon long sword hanging to their knees, a large hat fiercely cocked, and are *flash* all over. Others affect to be country 'squires: these will go about in buck-skin breeches, brown frocks, and great oaken cudgels in their hands, slouched hats, with their hair undressed and tucked up under them to an enormous size, and imitate grooms and country boobies to well externally, that there is not the least doubt of their resembling them as well internally. Others, again, paint and powder themselves so much, and dress so finically, as leads us to suppose they are only women in boy's clothes. Now a sensible man carefully avoids all this, or any other affectation. He dresses as fashionably and well as persons of the best families and best sense: if he exceeds them, he is a coxcomb; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonable, etc.

By the same.

Dear boy,

It seems extraordinary, but it is very true, that my anxiety for you increases in proportion to the good accounts which I receive of you from all hands. I promise myself so much from you, that I dread the least disappointment. You are now so near the port, which I have so long wished and laboured to bring you safe into, that my concern would be doubled, should you be shipwrecked within sight of it. The object, therefore, of this letter is (laying aside all the authority of a parent) to conjure you as a friend, by the affection you have for me (and surely you have reason to have some) and by the regard

you have for yourself, to go on, with assiduity and attention, to complete that work, which of late you have carried on so well, and which is now so near being finished. My wishes and my plan were to make you shine and distinguish yourself equally in the learned and the polite world. Few have been able to do it. Deep learning is generally tainted with pedantry, or at least unadorned by manners; as, on the other hand, polite manners, and the turn of the world, are too often unsupported by knowledge, and consequently end contemptibly in the frivolous dissipation of drawing-rooms and ruelles. You are now got over the dry and difficult parts of learning; what remains, requires much more time than trouble. You have lost time by your illness; you must regain it now or never. I therefore most earnestly desire, for your own sake, that for these next six months, at least six hours every morning, uninterruptedly, may be inviolably sacred to your studies with Mr. Harte. So much for the mornings, which, from your own good sense, and Mr. Harte's tenderness and care of you, will, I am sure, be thus well employed. It is not only reasonable, but useful too, that your evenings should be devoted to amusements and pleasures; and therefore I not only allow but recommend, that they should be employed at assemblies, balls, spectacles, and in the best companies; with this restriction only, that the consequences of the evenings diversions may not break in upon the mornings studies, by breakfastings, visits, and idle parties into the country. At your age, you need not be ashamed, when any of these morning parties are proposed, to say you must beg to be excused, for you are obliged to devote your mornings to Mr. Harte; that I will have it so; and that you dare not do otherwise. Lay it all upon me; though I am persuaded it will be as much your own inclination as it is mine. But those frivolous, idle people, whose time hangs upon their hands, and who desire to make others lose theirs

too, are not to be reasoned with; and indeed it would be doing them too much honour. The shortest, civil answers are the best; *I cannot*, *I dare not*, instead of *I will not*; for if you were to enter with them into the necessity of study, and the usefulness of knowledge, it would only furnish them with matter for their silly jests; which, though I would not have you mind, I would not have you invite. I will suppose you at Rome, studying six hours uninterruptedly with Mr. Harte, every morning, and passing your evenings with the best company of Rome, observing their manners and forming your own; and I will suppose a number of idle, sauntering, illiterate English, as there commonly is, living intirely with one another, supping, drinking, and sitting up late at each other's lodgings; commonly in riots, when drunk; and never in good compauy when sober. I will take one of these pretty fellows, and give you the dialogue between him and yourself; such as I dare say it will be on his side, and such as I hope it will be on yours.

Englishman. Will you come and breakfast with me to morrow? There will be four or five of our countrymen; we have provided chaises, and we will drive somewhere out of town after breakfast.

Stanhope. I am very sorry I cannot; but I am obliged to be at home all morning.

Engl. Why then we will come and breakfast with you.

Stan. I can't do that neither, I am engaged.

Engl. Well then, let it be the next day.

Stan. To tell you the truth, it can be no day in the morning; for I neither go out, nor see any body at home before twelve.

Engl. And what the devil do you do with yourself till twelve o' clock?

Stan. I am not by myself, I am with Mr. Harte.

Engl. Then what the devil do you do with him?

Stan. We study different things; we read, we converse.

Engl. Very pretty amusement indeed! Are you to take orders then?

Stan. Yes, my father's orders, I believe I must take.

Engl. Why, hast thou no more spirit than to mind an old fellow a thousand miles off?

Stan. If I don't mind his orders, he won't mind my draughts.

Engl. What, does the old prig threaten then? Threatened folks live long: never mind threats.

Stan. No, I can't say that he has ever threatened me in his life; but I believe I had best not provoke him.

Engl. Pooh! you would have one angry letter from the old fellow, and there would be an end of it.

Stan. You mistake him mightily; he always does more than he says. He has never been angry with me yet, that I remember, in his life: but if I were to provoke him, I am sure he would never forgive me: he would be coolly immoveable, and I might beg and pray, and write my heart out to no purpose.

Engl. Why, then he is an odd dog, that's all I can say: and pray, are you to obey your dry-nurse too, this same, what's his name — Mr. Harte?

Stan. Yes.

Engl. So he stuffs you all morning with Greek, and Latin, and logic, and all that. Egad I have a dry-nurse too, but I never looked into a book with him in my life: I have not so much as seen the face of him this week, and don't care a louse if I never see it again.

Stan. My dry-nurse never desires any thing of me that is not reasonable, and for my own good; and therefore I like to be with him.

Engl. Very sententious and edifying, upon my word! at this rate you will be reckoned a very good young man.

Stan. Why, that will do me no harm.

Engl. Will you be with us to-morrow in the evening then? We shall be ten with you; and have got some excellent good wine; and we'll be very merry.

Stan. I am very much obliged to you, but I am engaged for all the evening, to-morrow; first at Cardinal Albani's; and then to sup at the Venetian Embassadors's.

Engl. How the devil can you like being always with

these foreigners? I never go amongst them, with all their formalities and ceremonies. I am never easy in company with them, and I don't know why, but I am ashamed.

Stan. I am neither ashamed or afraid: I am very easy with them; they are very easy with me; I get the language, and I see their characters, by conversing with them; and that is what we are sent abroad for. Is it not?

Engl. I hate your modest women's company; your women of fashion as they call'em. I don't know what to say to them, for my part.

Stan. Have you ever conversed with them?

Engl. No, I never conversed with them; but I have been sometimes in their company, though much against my will.

Stan. But at least they have done you no hurt; which is, probably, more than you can say of the women you do converse with.

Engl. That's true, I own; but —

Stan. Tastes are different, you know, and every man follows his own.

Engl. That's true; but thine's a devilish odd one, Stanhope. All morning with thy dry-nurse; all the evening in formal fine company; and all day long afraid of old daddy in England. Thou art a queer fellow, and I am afraid there's nothing to be made of thee.

Stan. I am afraid so too.

Engl. Well then; good night to you: you have no objection, I hope, to my being drunk to-night, which I certainly will be.

Stan. Not in the least; nor to your being sick to-morrow, which you as certainly will be; and so good night too.

You will observe, that I have not put into your mouth those good arguments, which upon such an occasion would, I am sure, occur to you; as piety and affection towards me; regard and friendship for Mr. Harte; respects for your own moral character, and for all the relative duties of man, son, pupil, and citizen. Such solid arguments would be thrown away upon such shallow puppies. Leave them to their ignorance, and to their dirty, disgraceful vices. They will severely feel the effects of them, when it will be too late. Without the comfortable refuge of learning, and with all the sickness and pains of a ruined

stomach, and a rotten carcass, if they happen to arrive at old age, it is an uneasy and ignominious one. The ridicule which such fellows endeavour to throw upon those who are not like them, is, in the opinion of all men of sense, the most authentic panegyric. — Adieu.

From the same to Doctor Swift.

Sir,

You need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation; on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. L... shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a tory, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication.

I am with real esteem,

Sir,

your most obedient humble servant.

The
English Merchant,
a Comedy,
by George Colman.

Dramatis Personae.

M e n : Lord Falbridge, Sir William Douglas, Freeport, Spatter, Owen, La France,	W o m e n : Lady Alton, Amelia, Mrs. Goodman, Molly,
---	---

S c e n e : L o n d o n .

A c t I.

Scene, a Room in Mrs. Goodman's House.

Enter Molly, struggling with Spatter.

Molly. Be quiet, Mr. Spatter! let me alone! Pray now, Sir! It is a strange thing a body can't go about the house without being pester'd with your impertinence — Why sure!

Spat. Introduce me to your mistress then — come, there's a good girl! — and I will tease you no longer.

Molly. Indeed I shan't — Introduce you to my lady! for what, pray?

Spat. Oh! for a thousand things. To laugh, to chat, to take a dish of tea, to —

Molly. You drink tea with my lady! I should not have thought of that — On what acquaintance?

Spat. The most agreeable in the world, child! a new acquaintance.

Molly. Indeed you mistake yourself mightily — you are not a proper acquaintance for a person of her quality, I assure you, Sir!

Spat. Why, what quality is she, then?

Molly. Much too high quality for your acquaintance, I promise you. What! a poet-man! that sits write, write, write, all day long, scribbling a pack of nonsense for the news-papers? — You're fit for nothing above a chambermaid.

Spat. That's as much as to say, that you think me just fit for you. Eh, child!

Molly. No, indeed, not I, Sir. Neither my lady nor I will have any thing to say to you.

Spat. Your mistress and you both give yourselves a great many airs, my dear. Your poverty, I think, might pull down your pride.

Molly. What does the fellow mean by poverty?

Spat. I mean that you are starving.

Molly. Oh the slanderous monster! We! Starving! Who told you so? I'd have you to know, Sir, my lady has a very great fortune.

Spat. So 'tis a sign, by her way of life and appearance.

Molly. Well; she lives privately, indeed, because she loves retirement; she goes plain, because she hates drefs; she keeps no table, because she is an enemy to luxury. — In short, my lady is as rich as a jew, and you are an impertinent coxcomb.

Spat. Come, come! I know more of your mistress than you imagine.

Molly. And what do you know of her?

Spat. Oh, I know what I know.

Molly. Well! (alarmed.)

Spat. I know who she is, and where she came from; I am very well acquainted with her family, and know her whole history.

Molly. How can that be?

Spat. Very easily — I have correspondence every where. As private as she may think herself, it is not the first time that I have seen or heard of Amelia.

Molly. Oh gracious heaven! as sure as I am alive, this man will discover us. (apart.) Mr. Spatter, my dear Mr. Spatter, if you know any thing, sure you would not be so cruel as to betray us!

Spat. My dear Mr. Spatter! O ho! I have gues'd right — there is something then.

Molly. No, Sir, there is nothing at all; nothing that signifies to you or any body else.

Spat. Well, well, I'll say nothing; but then you must —

Molly. What?

Spat. Come; kiss me, hussy!

Molly. I shall kiss you, indeed.

Spat. And you'll introduce me to your mistress.

Molly. Not I, I promise you.

Spat. Nay, no mysteries between you and me, child! Come; here's the key to all locks, the clue to every maze, and the discloser of all secrets; money, child! Here! take this purse; you see I know something; tell me the rest, and I have the fellow to it in my pocket.

Molly. Ha, ha, ha! poor Mr. Spatter! Where could you get all this money, I wonder! Not by your poetries, I believe. But what signifies telling you any thing, when you are acquainted with our whole history already? You have correspondence every where, you know. There, Sir! take up your filthy purse again, and remember that I scorn to be obliged to any body but my mistress.

Spat. There's impudence for you! when to my certain knowledge your mistress has not a guinea in the world; you live in continual fear of being discovered, and you will both be utterly undone in a fortnight, unless Lord Falbridge should prevent it, by taking Amelia under his protection. You understand me, child.

Molly. You scandalous wretch! Did you ever hear such a monster? I won't stay a moment longer with him — But you are quite mistaken about me and my mistress, I assure you, Sir. We are in the best circumstances in the world; we have nothing to fear; and we don't care a farthing for you. — So your servant, Mr. Poet!

(Exit.)

Spatter alone.

Your servant, Mrs. Pert! „We are in the best circumstances in the world!“ Ay, that is as much as to say, they are in the utmost distrefs. „We have nothing to fear“. — That is; They are frightened out of their wits — „And we don't care a farthing for you“. — Meaning, that they will take all the care in their power, that I shall not find them out. — But I may be too hard for you yet, young gentlewoman! I have earned but a poor livelihood by mere scandal and abuse; but if I could once arrive at doing a little substantial mischief, I should make my fortune.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Oh! your servant, Mrs. Goodman! Yours is the most unsociable lodging-house in town. So many ladies, and only one gentleman! and you won't take the least notice of him.

Mrs. Good. How so, Mr. Spatter?

Spat. Why, did not you promise to introduce me to Amelia?

Mrs. Good. To tell you the plain truth, Mr. Spatter, she don't like you. And, indeed, I don't know how it is, but you make yourself a great many enemies.

Spat. Yes; I believe I do raise a little envy.

Mrs. Good. Indeed you are mistaken, Sir. As you are a lodger of mine, it makes me quite uneasy to hear what the world says of you. How do you contrive to make so many enemies, Mr. Spatter?

Spat. Because I have merit, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. May be so; but nobody will allow it but yourself. They say that you set up for a wit, indeed; but that you deal in nothing but scandal, and think of nothing but mischief.

Spat. I do speak ill of the men sometimes, to be sure; but then I have a great regard for women — provided they are handsome: and that I may give you a proof of it, introduce me to Amelia.

Mrs. Good. You must excuse me; she and you would be the worst company in the world; for she never speaks too well of herself, nor the least ill of any body else. And then her virtue —

Spat. Pooh, pooh, she speaks ill of nobody, because she knows nobody; and as for her virtue, ha, ha!

Mrs. Good. You don't believe much in that, I suppose.

Spat. I have not over-much faith, Mrs. Goodman. Lord Falbridge, perhaps, may give a better account of it.

Mrs. Good. Lord Falbridge can say nothing but what would be extremely to her honour, I assure you, Sir. (*Spatter laughs.*) Well, well, you may laugh, but it is very true.

Spat. Oh, I don't doubt it; but you don't tell the whole truth, Mrs. Goodman. When any of your friends or acquaintance sit for their pictures, you draw a very flattering likeness. All characters have their dark side, and if they have but one eye, you give them in *profile*. Your great friend, Mr. Freeport, for instance, whom you are always praising for his benevolent actions —

Mrs. Good. He is benevolence itself, Sir.

Spat. Yes, and grossness itself too. I remember him these many years. He always cancels an obligation by the manner of conferring it; and does you a favour, as if he were going to knock you down.

Mrs. Good. A truce with your satire, good Mr. Spatter! Mr. Freeport is my best friend; I owe him everything; and I can't endure the slightest reflection on his character. Besides, he can have given no offence to Lady Alton, whatever may be the case with Amelia.

Spat. Lady Alton! she is a particular friend of mine to be sure; but between you and me, Mrs. Goodman, a more ridiculous character than any you have mentioned. A *bel esprit* forsooth! and as vain of her beauty as learning, without any great portion of either. A fourth Grace, and a tenth Muse! who fancies herself enamour'd of Lord Falbridge, because she would be proud of such a conquest; and has lately bestowed some marks of distinction on me, because she thinks it will give her credit among persons of letters.

Mrs. Good. Nay, if you can't spare your own friends, I don't wonder at your attacking mine — and so, Sir, your humble servant. — But stay! here's a post-chaise stopp'd at our door; and here comes a servant with a port-manteau! 'Tis the gentleman for whom my first floor was taken, I suppose.

Spat. Very likely: well, you will introduce me to him at least, Mrs. Goodman.

Enter a servant with a portmanteau — Sir William Douglas following.

S. W. You are Mrs. Goodman, I suppose, Madam?

Mrs. Good. At your service, Sir.

S. W. Mr. Owen, I believe, has secured apartments here?

Mrs. Good. He has, Sir.

S. W. They are for me, Madam — Have you any other lodgers?

Mrs. Good. Only that gentleman, Sir; and a young lady. —

Spat. Of great beauty and virtue. Eh, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. She has both, you will see very little of her, for she lives in the most retired manner in the world.

S. W. Her youth and beauty are matter of great indifference to me; for I shall be as much a recluse as herself. — Are there any news at present stirring in London?

Mrs. Good. Mr. Spatter can inform you, Sir, for he deals in news. In the mean while, I'll prepare your apartment.

Manent Sir William Douglas, and Spatter; Sir William walks up and down without taking notice of Spatter.

Spat. This must be a man of quality by this ill manners. I'll speak to him (*aside.*) — Will your Lordship give me leave —

S. W. Lordship! I am no Lord, Sir, and must beg not to be honoured with the name.

Spat. It is a kind of mistake, that cannot displease at least.

S. W. I don't know that. None but a fool would be vain of a title, if he had one; and none but an impostor would assume a title, to which he has no right.

Spat. Oh, you're of the House of Commons then, a member of parliament, and are come up to town to attend the sessions, I suppose, Sir.

S. W. No matter what I am, Sir.

Spat. Nay, no offence, I hope, Sir. All I meant was to do you honour. Being concerned in two evening-posts, and one morning-paper, I was willing to know the proper manner of announcing your arrival.

S. W. You have connections with the press then, it seems, Sir?

Spat. Yes, Sir; I am an humble retainer to the Muses, an author. I compose pamphlets on all subjects, compile magazines, and do news-papers.

S. W. Do news-papers! What do you mean by that, Sir?

Spat. That is, Sir, I collect the articles of news from the other papers and make new ones for the post-script, translate the mails, write occasional letters from Cato and Theatricus, and give fictitious answers to supposed correspondents.

S. W. A very ingenious as well as honourable employment, I must confess, Sir.

Spat. Some little genius is requisite, to be sure. Now, Sir, if I can be of any use to you — if you have any friend to be praised, or any enemy to be abused; any author to cry up, or minister to run down; my pen and talents are entirely at your service.

S. W. I am much obliged to you, Sir, but at present I have not the least occasion for either. In return for your genteel offers, give me leave to trouble you with one piece of advice. When you deal in private scandal, have a care of the cudgel; and when you meddle with publick matters, beware of the pillory.

Spat. How, Sir! are you no friend to literature? Are you an enemy to the liberty of the press?

S. W. I have the greatest respect for both; but railing is the disgrace of letters, and personal abuse the scandal of freedom: foul-mouthed criticks are in general disappointed authors; and they, who are the loudest against ministers, only mean to be paid for their silence.

Spat. That may be sometimes, Sir; but give me leave to ask you —

S. W. Do not ask me at present, Sir! I see a particular friend of mine coming this way, and I must beg you to withdraw.

Spat. Withdraw, Sir! first of all, allow me to —

S. W. Nay, no reply! we must be in private.
(*thrusting out Spatter.*)

Sir William Douglas, alone.

What a wretch! as contemptible as mischievous. Our generous mastiffs fly at men from an instinct of courage; but this fellow's attacks proceed from an instinct of baseness. — But here comes the faithful Owen, with as many good qualities as that execrable fellow seems to have bad ones.

Enter Owen.

Well, Owen; I am safe arrived you see.

Owen. Ah, Sir! would to heaven you were as safe returned again! Have a care of betraying yourself to be Sir William Douglas! — During your stay here, your name is Ford, remember.

S. W. I shall take care. — But tell me your news. — What have you done since your arrival? Have you heard any thing of my daughter? Have you seen Lord Brumpton? Has he any hope of obtaining my pardon?

Owen. He had, Sir.

S. W. And what can have destroyed it then?

Owen. My Lord Brumpton is dead, Sir.

S. W. Dead!

Owen. I saw him within this week in apparent good health; he promised to exert his whole interest in your favour: by his own appointment I went to wait on him yesterday noon, when I was stunned with the news of his having died suddenly the evening before.

S. W. My Lord Brumpton dead! the only friend I had remaining in England; the only person, on whose intercession I relied for my pardon. Cruel fortune! I have now no hope but to find my daughter. Tell me, Owen; have you been able to hear any tidings of her?

Owen. Alas, Sir, none that are satisfactory. On the death of Mr. Andrews, in whose care you left her, being cruelly abandoned by the relation who succeeded to the estate, she left the country some months ago, and has not since been heard of.

S. W. Unhappy there too! When will the measure of my misfortunes be full? When will the malice of my

fate be satisfied? Proscribed, condemned, attainted, alas, but too justly! I have lost my rank, my estate, my wife, my son, and all my family. One only daughter remains. Perhaps a wretched wanderer like myself, perhaps in the extremest indigence, perhaps dishonoured — Ha! that thought distracts me.

Owen. My dear master, have patience! Do not be ingenious to torment yourself, but consult your safety and prepare for your departure.

S. W. No, Owen. Hearing, providentially, of the death of my friend Andrews, paternal care and tenderness drew me hither; and I will not quit the kingdom till I learn something of my child, my dear Amelia, whom I left a tender innocent in the arms of the best of women twenty years ago. Her sex demands protection; and she is now of an age, in which she is more exposed to misfortunes than even in helpless infancy.

Owen. Be advised; depart, and leave that care to me. Consider; your life is now at stake.

S. W. My life has been too miserable to render me very solicitous for its preservation. — But the complexion of the times is changed; the very name of the party, in which I was unhappily engaged, is extinguished, and the whole nation is unanimously devoted to the throne. Disloyalty and insurrection are now no more, and the sword of justice is suffered to sleep. If I can find my child, and find her worthy of me, I will fly with her to take refuge in some foreign country; if I am discovered in the search, I have still some hopes of mercy.

Owen. Heaven grant your hopes may be well founded.

S. W. Come, Owen! let us behave at least with fortitude in our adversity! Follow me to my apartment, and let us consult what measures we shall take in searching for Amelia. *(Exeunt).*

Scene changes to Amelia's apartment.

Amelia and Molly.

Amel. Poor Molly! to be teased with that odious fellow, Spatter!

Molly. But, Madam, Mr. Spatter says he is acquainted with your whole history.

Amel. Mere pretence, in order to render himself

formidable. Be on your guard against him, my dear Molly; and remember to conceal my misery from him and all the world. I can bear poverty, but am not proof against insult and contempt.

Molly. Ah, my dear mistress, it is to no purpose to endeavour to hide it from the world. They will see poverty in my looks. As for you, you can live upon the air; the greatness of your soul seems to support you; but lack-a-day, I shall grow thinner and thinner every day of my life.

Amel. I can support my own distress, but yours touches me to the soul. Poor Molly! the labour of my hands shall feed and cloath you. — Here! dispose of this embroidery to the best advantage; what was formerly my amusement, must now become the means of our subsistence. Let us be obliged to nobody, but owe our support to industry and virtue.

Molly. You're an angel; let me kiss those dear hands that have worked this precious embroidery; let me bathe them with my tears! You're an angel upon earth. I had rather starve in your service, than live with a princess. What can I do to comfort you?

Amel. Thou faithful creature — only continue to be secret: you know my real character; you know I am in the utmost distress: I have opened my heart to you, but you will plant a dagger there if you betray me to the world.

Molly. Ah, my dear mistress, how should I betray you! I go no where, I converse with nobody but yourself and Mrs. Goodman: besides, the world is very indifferent about other people's misfortunes.

Amel. The world is indifferent, it is true; but it is curious, and takes a cruel pleasure in tearing open the wounds of the unfortunate.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Goodman!

Mrs. Good. Excuse me, Madam: I took the liberty of waiting on you to receive your commands. 'Tis now near three o'clock. You have provided nothing for dinner, and have scarce taken any refreshment these three days.

Amel. I have been indisposed.

Mrs. Good. I am afraid you are more than indisposed. — You are unhappy. — Pardon me! but I cannot help thinking that your fortune is unequal to your appearance.

Amel. Why should you think so! You never heard me complain of my fortune.

Mr. Good. No, but I have too much reason to believe it is inferior to your merit.

Amel. Indeed, you flatter me.

Mrs. Good. Come, come; you must not indulge this melancholy. I have a new lodger, an elderly gentleman, just arrived, who does me the honour to partake of my dinner; and I must have your company too. He seems to be in trouble, as well as you. You must meet; two persons in affliction may perhaps become a consolation to each other. Come, let us take some care of you.

Amel. Be assured, Mrs. Goodman, I am much obliged to you for your attention to me; but I want nothing.

Mrs. Good. Dear Madam! you say you want nothing, and you are in want of every thing.

Enter Servant.

Serv. (to Mrs. Good.) Lady Alton, Madam, sends her compliments, and will wait upon you after dinner.

Mrs. Good. Very well; my best respects to her Ladyship, and I shall be ready to attend her. (*Exit Servant.*) There, there is one cause of your uneasiness! Lady Alton's visit is on your account. She thinks you have robbed her of Lord Falbridge's affections, and that is the occasion of her honouring me with her company.

Amel. Lord Falbridge's affections!

Mrs. Good. Ah! my dear Amelia, you don't know your power over his heart. You have reconciled it to virtue. — But come! let me prevail on you to come with me to dinner.

Amel. You must excuse me.

Mr. Good. Well, well, then I'll send you something to your own apartment. If you have any other commands, pray honour me with them, for I would fain oblige you, if I knew how it were in my power.

(*Exit.*)

Manent Amelia and Molly.

Amel. What an amiable woman! If it had not been for her apparent benevolence and goodness of heart, I should have left the house on Mr. Spatter's coming to lodge in it.

Molly. Lady Alton, it seems, recommended him as a lodger here; so he can be no friend of yours on that account; for to be sure she owes you no good will on account of my Lord Falbridge.

Amel. No more of Lord Falbridge, I beseech you, Molly. How can you persist in mentioning him, when you know that, presuming on my situation, he has dared to affront me with dishonourable proposals?

Molly. Ah, Madam, but he sorely repents it, I promise you, and would give his whole estate for an opportunity of seeing you once more, and getting into your good graces again.

Amel. No; his ungenerous conduct has thrown him as much below me, as my condition had placed me beneath him. He imagined he had a right to insult my distress; but I will teach him to think it respectable.
(*Exeunt.*)

End of the First Act.

A c t. II.

Scene, an Apartment at Mrs. Goodman's.

Enter Lady Alton and Spatter.

Spat. But you won't hear me, Madam!

L. Alt. I have heard too much, Sir! This wandering *incognita* a woman of virtue! I have no patience.

Spat. Mrs. Goodman pretends to be convinced of her being a person of honour.

A. Alt. A person of honour, and openly receive visits from men! seduce Lord Falbridge! No, no: reserve this character for your next novel, Mr. Spatter! it is an affront to my understanding. I begin to suspect you have betrayed me; you have gone over to the adverse party, and are in the conspiracy to abuse me.

Spat. I, Madam! Neither her beauty, nor her virtue —

L. Alt. Her beauty! her virtue! Why, thou wretch, thou grub of literature, whom I as a patroness of learning and encourager of men of letters, willing to blow the dead coal of genius, fondly took under my protection, do you remember what I have done for you?

Spat. With the utmost gratitude, Madam.

L. Alt. Did not I draw you out of the garret, where you daily spun out your flimsy brain to catch the town flies in your cobweb dissertations? Did not I introduce you to Lord Dapperwit, the Apollo of the age? And did not you dedicate your silly volume of poems on several occasions to him? Did not I put you into the list of my visitors, and order my porter to admit you at dinner-time? Did not I write the only scene in your execrable farce, which the audience vouchsafed a hearing? And did not my female friend, Mrs. Melpomene, furnish you with Greek and Latin mottoes for your twopenny essays?

Spat. I acknowledge all your Ladyship's goodness to me. I have done every thing in my power to shew my gratitude, and fulfill your Ladyship's commands.

L. Alt. Words, words, Mr. Spatter! You have been witness of Lord Falbridge's inconstancy. A perfidious man! False as Phaon to Sappho, or Jason to Medea! You have seen him desert me for a wretched vagabond; you have seen me abandoned like Calypso, without making a single effort to recall my faithless Ulysses from the Siren that has lured him from me.

Spat. Be calm but one moment, Madam, and I'll —

L. Alt. Bid the sea be calm, when the winds are let loose upon it. I have reason to be enraged. I placed you in genteel apartments in this house, merely to plant you as a spy; and what have you done for me? Have you employed your correspondence to any purpose? or discovered the real character of this infamous woman, this insolent Amelia?

Spat. I have taken every possible method to detect her. I have watched Amelia herself like a bailiff, or a Duenna; I have overheard private conversations; have sounded the landlady; tampered with the servants; opened letters; and intercepted messages.

L. Alt. Good creature! my best Spatter! And what? what have you discovered?

Spat. That Amelia is a native of Scotland; that her surname *Walton* is probably not real, but assumed; and that she earnestly wishes to conceal both the place of her birth and her family.

L. Alt. And is that all?

Spat. All that I have been able to learn as yet, Madam.

L. Alt. Wretch! of what service have you been then? Are these your boasted talents? When we want to unravel an ambiguous character, you have made out that she wishes to lie concealed; and when we wish to know who she is, you have just discovered that she is a native of Scotland?

Spat. And yet if you will give me leave, Madam, I think I could convince you that these discoveries, blind and unsatisfactory as they may appear to you at first, are of no small consequence.

L. Alt. Of what consequence can they possibly be to me, man?

Spat. I'll tell you, Madam. It is a rule in politicks, when we discover something, to add something more. Something added to something, makes a good deal; upon this basis I have formed a syllogism.

L. Alt. What does the pedant mean? A syllogism?

Spat. Yes, a syllogism: as for example; Any person who is a native of Scotland, and wishes to be concealed, must be an enemy to the government. Amelia is a native of Scotland, and wishes to be concealed. *Ergo*, Amelia is an enemy to the government.

L. Alt. Excellent! admirable logick! but I wish we could prove it to be truth.

Spat. I would not lay a wager of the truth of it; but I would swear it.

L. Alt. What, on a proper occasion, and in a proper place, my good Spatter?

Spat. Willingly; we must make use of what we know, and even of what we don't know. Truth is of a dry and simple nature, and stands in need of some little ornament. A lie, indeed, is infamous; but fiction, your Ladyship, who deals in poetry, knows is beautiful.

L. Alt. But the substance of your fiction, Spatter?

Spat. I will lodge an information that the father of Amelia is a disaffected person, and has sent her to London for treasonable purposes: nay, I can upon occasion even suppose the father himself to be in London: in consequence of which you will probably recover Lord Falbridge, and Amelia will be committed to prison.

L. Alt. You have given me new life. I took you for a mere stainer of paper; but I have found you a Machiavel. — I hear somebody coming. — Mrs. Goodman has undertaken to send Amelia hither. Ha! she's here. — Away, Spatter, and wait for me at my house: you must dine with me; and after dinner, like true politicians, we will settle our plan of operations over our coffee. Away, away this instant! (*Exit Spatter.*)

Lady Alton alone.

A convenient engine this Mr. Spatter: the most impudent thorough-paced knave in the three kingdoms! with the heart of *Zoilus*, the pen of *Maevius*, and the tongue of *Thersites*. I was sure he would stick at nothing. The writings of authors are publick advertisements of their qualifications; and when they profess to live upon scandal, it is as much as to say, that they are ready for every other dirty work, in which we chuse to employ them — But now for Amelia: if she proves tractable, I may forego the use of this villain, who almost makes me hate my triumph, and be ashamed of my revenge.

Enter Amelia.

Amel. Mrs. Goodman has informed me that your Ladyship has desired to see me: I wait your commands, Madam.

L. Alt. Look you, young woman: I am sensible how much it is beneath a person of my rank to parley with one of your condition. For once, however, I am content to wave all ceremony; and if you behave as you ought to do, you have nothing to fear, child.

Amel. I hope I have never behaved otherwise than as I ought to do, Madam.

L. Alt. Yes; you have received visits from Lord Falbridge; you have endeavoured to estrange his affections

from me: but, if you encourage him in his infidelity to me, tremble for the consequence: be advised, or you are ruined.

Amel. I am conscious of no guilt, and know no fear, Madam.

L. Alt. Come, come, Mrs. Amelia; this high strain is out of character with me. Act over your Clelia, and Cleopatra, and Cassandra, at a proper time; and let me talk in the stile of nature and common sense to you. You have no Lord Falbridge, no weak young nobleman to impose upon at present.

Amel. To impose upon! I scorn the imputation, and am sorry to find that your Ladyship came hither, merely to indulge yourself in the cruel pleasure of insulting one of the unhappiest of her sex. *(weeping.)*

L. Alt. You are mistaken; I came hither to concert measures for your happiness, to assist your poverty, and relieve your distresses. Leave this house: leave London; I will provide you a retirement in the country, and supply all your wants. Only renounce all thoughts of Lord Falbridge, and never let him know the place of your retreat.

Amel. Lord Falbridge! What is Lord Falbridge to me, Madam?

L. Alt. To convince me you have no commerce with him, accept of my proposals.

Amel. No, Madam; the favours which you intend me, I could not receive without blushing. I have no want but what I can supply myself; no distresses which your Ladyship can relieve: and I will seek no refuge but in my own virtue.

L. Alt. Your virtue! Ridiculous! If you are a woman of virtue, what is the meaning of all this mystery? Who are you? What are you? Who will vouch for your character?

Amel. It wants no vouchers; nor will I suffer myself to be arraigned like a criminal, till I know by what authority you take upon you to act as my judge.

L. Alt. Matchless confidence! Yes, yes, it is too plain; I see you are the very creature I took you for; a mere adventurer: some strolling princess, that are perhaps, more frugal of your favours than the rest of your sisterhood, merely to enhance the price of them.

Amel. Hold, Madam! This opprobrious language is more injurious to your own honour than to mine. I see the violence of your temper, and will leave you. But you may one day know that my birth is equal to your own; my heart is perhaps more generous; and whatever may be my situation, I scorn to be dependant on any body; much less on one, who has so mean an opinion of me, and who considers me as her rival.

(*Exit.*)

Lady Alton, alone.

Her rival! Unparalleled insolence! An open avowal of her competition with me! Yes; I see Spatter must be employed. Her rival! I shall burst with indignation.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

L. Alt. Mrs. Goodman! where is Mr. Spatter?

Mrs. Good. He went out the moment he left your Ladyship. But you seem disordered; shall I get you some hartshorn, Madam?

L. Alt. Some poison. — Rival! I shall choak with rage. — You shall hear from me. You, and your Amelia. You have abused me; you have conspired against my peace; and be assured you shall suffer for it. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Goodman, alone.

What a violent woman! Her passion makes her forget what is due to her sex and quality. Ha! Mr. Freeport!

Enter Freeport.

My best friend! Welcome to London! When did you arrive from Lisbon?

Free. But last night.

Mrs. Good. I hope you have had a pleasant voyage?

Free. A good trading voyage — I have got money, but I have got the spleen too. — Have you any news in town?

Mrs. Good. None at all, Sir.

Free. So much the better. The less news, the less nonsense. — But what strange lady have you had here? I met her as I was coming up: she rushed by like a fury, and almost swept me down stairs again with the wind of her petticoat.

Mrs. Good. Ah! jealousy! Jealousy is a terrible passion; especially in a woman's breast, Mr. Freeport.

Free. Jealousy! Why, she is not jealous of you, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. No; but of a lodger of mine.

Free. Have you any new lodgers since I left you?

Mrs. Good. Two or three, Sir; the last arrived but to day; an elderly gentleman, who will see no company.

Free. He's in the right. Three parts in four of mankind are knaves or fools; and the fourth part live by themselves. — But who are your other lodgers?

Mrs. Good. An author and a lady.

Free. I hate authors. Who is the lady?

Mrs. Good. She calls herself Amelia Walton; but I believe that name is not her real one.

Free. Not her real one! Why, sure she is a woman of character?

Mrs. Good. A woman of character! She is an angel. She is most miserably poor; and yet haughty to an excess.

Free. Pride and poverty! A sad composition, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. No, Sir; her pride is one of her greatest virtues: it consists in depriving herself of almost all necessaries, and concealing it from the world. Tho' every action speaks her to be a woman of birth and education, she lives upon the work of her own hands without murmur or complaint. I make use of a thousand stratagems to assist her against her will; I prevail on her to keep the money due for rent for her support, and furnish her with every thing she wants at half its prime cost; but if she perceives or suspects these little artifices, she takes it almost as ill as if I had attempted to defraud her. In short, Sir, her unshaken virtue and greatness of soul under misfortunes, make me consider her as a prodigy, and often draw tears of pity and admiration from me.

Free. Ah! women's tears lie very near their eyes. I never cried in my life; and yet I can feel too; I can admire, I can esteem, but what signifies whimpering? Hark ye, Mrs. Goodman! This is a very extraordinary account you give of this young woman; you have raised my curiosity, and I'll go and see this lodger of yours; I am rather out of spirits, and it will serve to amuse me.

Mrs. Good. Oh, Sir, you can't see her; she neither pays visits nor receives them, but lives in the most retired manner in the world.

Free. So much the better. I love retirement as well as she. Where are her apartments?

Mrs. Good. On this very floor, on the other side of the staircase.

Free. I'll go and see her immediately.

Mrs. Good. Indeed you can't, Sir. It is impossible.

Free. Impossible! where is the impossibility of going into a room? Come along!

Mrs. Good. For heaven's sake, Mr. Freeport!

Free. Pshaw! I have no time to lose, I have business half an hour hence.

Mrs. Good. But won't it be rather indelicate, Sir? Let me prepare her first!

Free. Prepare her — With all my heart. — But remember that I am a man of business, Mrs. Goodman, and have no time to waste in ceremony and compliment.

(*Exeunt.*)

Amelia's Apartment.

Amelia at work, and Molly.

Amel. No, Polly! If Lord Falbridge comes again, I am resolved not to see him.

Molly. Indeed, Madam, he loves you above all the world; I am sure of it; and I verily believe he will run mad, if you don't hear what he has to say for himself.

Amel. Speak no more of him.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Goodman!

Mrs. Good. Pardon me, Madam! Here is a gentleman of my acquaintance begs you would give him leave to speak with you.

Amel. A gentleman! who is he?

Mrs. Good. His name is Freeport, Madam. He has a few particularities; but he is the best-hearted man in the world. Pray let him come in, Madam!

Amel. By no means; you know I receive visits from nobody.

Enter Freeport.

Bless me! he's here! This is very extraordinary indeed, Mrs. Goodman.

Free. Don't disturb yourself, young woman; don't disturb yourself!

Molly. Mighty free and easy, methinks!

Amel. Excuse me, Sir; I am not used to receive visits from persons entirely unknown.

Free. Unknown! There is not a man in all London better known than I am. I am a merchant, my name is Freeport; Freeport of Crutched-Friars; enquire upon 'Change.

Amel. Mrs. Goodman! I never saw the gentleman before. I am surprised at his coming here.

Free. Pooh! Prithee; Mrs. Goodman knows me well enough.

(*Mrs. Goodman talks apart with Amelia.*) Ah! that's right, Mrs. Goodman. Let her know who I am, and tell her to make herself easy.

Mrs. Good. But the lady does not chuse we should trouble her, Sir.

Free. Trouble her? I'll give her no trouble; I came to drink a dish of tea with you; let your maid get it ready, and we will have it here instead of your parlour. — In the mean time I will talk with this lady; I have something to say to her.

Amel. If you had any business, Sir;—

Free. Business! I tell you I have very particular business; so sit down, and let's have the tea.

Mrs. Good. You shou'd not have followed me so soon, Sir.

Free. Pooh, prithee! *Exit Mrs. Goodman.*

Molly. This is the oddest man I ever saw in my life.

Amel. Well, Sir, as I see you are a particular acquaintance of Mrs. Goodman — But pray what are your commands for me, Sir! (they sit.)

Free. I tell you what, young woman; I am a plain man, and will tell you my mind in an instant. I am told that you are one of the best women in the world; very virtuous, and very poor; I like you for that: but they say you are excessively proud too; now I don't like you for that, Madam.

Molly. Free and easy still, I see.

Amel. And pray, Sir, who told you so?

Free. Mrs. Goodman.

Amel. She has deceived you, Sir; not in regard to my pride, perhaps, for there is a certain right pride which every body, especially women, ought to possess!

and 'as to virtue, it is no more than my duty; but as to poverty, I disclaim it; they who want nothing, cannot be said to be poor.

Free. It is no such thing: you don't speak the truth; and that is worse than being proud. I know very well that you are as poor as Job, that you are in want of common necessaries, and don't make a good meal above once in a fortnight.

Molly. My mistress fasts for her health, Sir.

Free. Hold your tongue, hussy! what, are you proud too?

Molly. Lord, what a strange man!

Free. But however, Madam, proud or not proud, does not signify twopence. — Hark ye, young woman! it is a rule with me, as it ought to be with every good christian, to give a tenth part of my fortune in charity. In the account of my profits there stands at present the sum of two thousand pounds on the credit side of my books; so that I am two hundred pounds in arrear. This I look upon as a debt due from my fortune to your poverty. — Yes, your poverty, I say, so never deny it. There's a banknote for two hundred pounds; and now I am out of your debt. — Where the deuce is this tea, I wonder?

Molly. I never saw such a man in my life.

Amel. I don't know that I ever was so thoroughly confounded (*apart*) — Sir! (*to Freeport.*)

Free. Well?

Amel. This noble action has surprised me still more than your conversation, but you must excuse my refusal of your kindness; for I must confess, that if I were to accept what you offer, I don't know when I should be able to restore it.

Free. Restore it! why who wants you to restore it? I never dreamt of restitution.

Amel. I feel your goodness to the bottom of my soul; but you must excuse. I have no occasion for your bounty; take your note, Sir, and bestow it where it is wanted.

Molly. Lord, Madam! you are ten times stranger than the gentleman. — I tell you what, Sir; (*to Freeport*) it does not signify talking; we are in the greatest distress in the world, and if it had not been for the kindness and good-nature of Mrs. Goodman, we might have died by this time. My lady has concealed her distress

from every body that was willing and able to relieve her; you have come to the knowledge of it in spite of her teeth; and I hope that you will oblige her, in spite of her teeth, to accept of your generous offer.

Amel. No more, my dear Polly; if you would not have me die with shame, say no more! Return the gentleman his note with my best thanks for his kindness; tell him, I durst not accept of it; for when a woman receives presents from a man, the world will always suspect that she pays for them at the expence of her virtue.

Free. What's that? what does she say, child?

Molly. Lord, Sir, I hardly know what she says. She says, that when a gentleman makes a young lady presents, he is always supposed to have a design upon her virtue.

Free. Nonsense! why shou'd she suspect me of an ungenerous design, because I do a generous action?

Molly. Do you hear, Madam?

Amel. Yes, I hear; I admire; but I must persist in my refusal: if that scandalous fellow Spatter were to hear of this, he would stick at saying nothing.

Free. Eh! what's that?

Molly. She is afraid you should be taken for her lover, Sir.

Free. I for your lover! not I. I never saw you before. I don't love you; so make no scruples upon that account; I like you well enough, but I don't love you at all; not at all, I tell you. — If you have a mind never to see my face any more, good bye t'ye! You shall never see me any more. If you like I should come back again, I'll come back again; but I lose time, I have business; your servant! (going.)

Amel. Stay, Sir! do not leave me without receiving the sincerest acknowledgments of my gratitude and esteem; but, above all, receive your note again, and do not put me any longer to the blush.

Free. The woman is a fool.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Amel. Come hither, I beseech you, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. Your pleasure, Madam!

Amel. Here! take this note which that gentleman has given me by mistake; return it to him, I charge you; assure him of my esteem and admiration; but let him know I need no assistance, and cannot accept it.

(Exit.)

Manent Freeport. etc.

Mrs. Good. Ah! Mr. Freeport! you have been at your old trade. You are always endeavouring to do good actions in secret; but the world always finds you out, you see.

Molly. Well; I don't believe there are two stranger people in England than my mistress, and that gentleman; one so ready to part with money; and the other so unwilling to receive; — but don't believe her, Sir, for between friends, she is in very great need of assistance I assure you.

Mrs. Good. Indeed I believe so.

Free. I have no doubt on't; so I'll tell you what, Mrs. Goodman; keep the note, and supply her wants out of it, that way is better than t'other.

Molly. I never saw such a strange man in my life.
(*Exit.*)

Mrs. Good. I shall obey your kind commands, Sir; poor soul; my heart bleeds for her; her virtue and misfortunes touch me to the soul.

Free. I have some little feeling for her too; but she is too proud. A fine face; fine figure; well behaved; well bred; and I dare say an excellent heart! — But she is too proud; tell her so, d'ye hear? tell her she is too proud. I shall be too late for my business — I'll see her again soon — It is a pity she is so proud. (*Exeunt.*)

End of the Second Act.

Act III.

Scene, A hall.

Sir William Douglas, alone.

A young woman! a native of Scotland! her name Amelia! supposed to be in the greatest distress, and living in total retirement! If fortune should for once smile upon me, and have thrown me into the very same house! I don't know what to think of it; and yet so many uncommon circumstances together recall the memory of my misfortunes, and awaken all the father in my bosom. — I must be satisfied.

L

Enter Molly, crossing the stage.

Sir W. Madam! will you permit me to speak one word to you?

Molly. (*coming forward*) If you please; what is your pleasure, Sir?

Sir W. I presume, Madam, you are the charming young woman I heard of?

Molly. I have a few charms in the eyes of some folks to be sure, Sir.

Sir W. And you are a native of Scotland, they tell me?

Molly. I am; at your service, Sir.

Sir W. Will you give me leave to ask the name of your family? Who is your father?

Molly. I really don't remember my father.

Sir W. Ha! not remember him, do you say?
(*earnestly.*)

Molly. No, Sir; but I have been told that he was —

Sir W. Who, Madam?

Molly. One of the most eminent bakers in Aberdeen, Sir.

Sir W. Oh, I conceive! You live, I suppose, with the young lady I meant to speak to. I mistook you for the lady herself.

Molly. You did me a great deal of honour, I assure you, Sir.

Sir W. But you are acquainted with your mistress's family?

Molly. Family, Sir!

Sir W. Ay; who are her parents?

Molly. She comes of very creditable parents, I promise you, Sir.

Sir W. I don't doubt it; but who are they? I have particular reasons for enquiring.

Molly. Very likely so; but I must beg to be excused, Sir.

Sir W. Of what age is your mistress? You will tell me that at least.

Molly. Oh, as to her age, she don't care who knows that; she is too young to deny her age yet a while. She is about one-and-twenty, Sir.

Sir W. Precisely the age of my Amelia. (*apart*)
One-and-twenty, you say? (*to Molly.*)

Molly. Yes, Sir; and I am about two-and-twenty; there is no great difference between us.

Sir W. (apart.) It must be so; her age; her country, her manner of living, all concur to prove her mine; my dear child, whom I left to taste of misfortune from her cradle.

Molly. (apart.) What is he muttering, I wonder; I wish this one-and-twenty has not turned the old gentleman's head.

Sir W. Let me beg the favour of you to conduct me to your mistress: I want to speak with her.

Molly. She will see no company, Sir; she is indisposed; she is in great affliction; and receives no visits at all.

Sir W. Mine is not a visit of form or ceremony, or even impertinent curiosity; but on the most urgent business. Tell her I am her fellow-countryman.

Molly. What! are you of Scotland too, Sir?

Sir W. I am. Tell her I take part in her afflictions, and may perhaps bring her some consolation.

Molly. There is something mighty particular about this old gentleman! He has not brought another two hundred pounds, sure! (*apart.*) Well, Sir; since you are so very pressing, since you say you are our fellow-countryman, if you will walk this way, I'll speak to my mistress, and see what I can do for you.

Sir W. I am obliged to you. (*Exit Molly.*) And now, if I may trust the forebodings of an old fond heart, I am going to throw my arms about my daughter. (*Exit.*)

As Sir Williams follows Molly out on one side, Spatter appears on the other.

Spatter, alone.

There they go! what the deuce can that old fellow and Amelia's maid do together? The slut is certainly conducting him to her mistress! In less than half an hour I expect that Amelia will be apprehended. In the mean time I must be upon the watch; for, since I have laid the information, it is high time that I should collect some materials to support it. — Who comes here? Lord Falbridge's valet de chambre: his errand is to Amelia, without doubt; something may be learnt there, perhaps.

Enter La France.

Ha! Monsieur La France! your servant.

La Fr. Serviteur! ver glad to see you, Monsieur Spatter.

Spat. Well; what brings you here? eh, Monsieur la France?

La Fr. Von lettre, Monsieur.

Spat. A letter to whom?

La Fr. From my Lor to Mademoiselle Amelie.

Spat. Oh, you're mistaken, Monsieur; that letter is for Lady Alton.

La Fr. Lady Alton! no, *ma foi!* it be for Mademoiselle. I am no mistake. *Je ne me trompe pas là dessus.*

Spat. Why, have not you carried several letters from Lord Falbridge to Lady Alton?

La Fr. Oh, *que oui!* but dis be for de young laty dat lif here; for Mademoiselle: my Lor lov her! *ma foi;* he lov her *à la folie.*

Spat. And he loved Lady Alton *à la folie*, did not he?

La Fr. Oh, *que non!* he lov her so gentely! *si tranquillement;* *ma foi,* he lov her *à la Française.* — But now he lov Mademoiselle; he no eat, no sleep, no speak, but Mademoiselle; no tink but of Mademoiselle; quite an oder ting, Monsieur Spatter, quite an oder ting.

Spat. Well, well; no matter for that; the letter is for Lady Alton, I promise you.

La Fr. Ah! *pardonnez-moi!*

Spat. It is, I assure you; and to convince you of it, see here, Monsieur! Lady Alton has sent you five guineas to pay the postage.

La Fr. Five guinées! *ma foi!* I believe I was mistake, indeed.

Spat. Ay, ay; I told you you were mistaken: and after all, if it should not be for her Ladyship, she will inclose it in another case, and send it to Amelia, and nobody will be the wiser.

La Fr. *Fort bien;* ver well; *la voilà.* (*gives the letter.*) I have got five guinées; I don't care.

Spat. Why should you? Where's the harm, if one woman should receive a letter written to another? There will be nothing lost by it; for if Amelia don't receive this, she will receive others; and letters of this sort are all alike, you know.

La Fr. Begar dat is ver true. Adieu, Sir. — I have execute my commission: adieu. Oh! *je fais bien mes commissions, moi.*

(*Exit.*)

Spatter, alone.

See the effects of secret-service-money ! Intelligence must be paid for ; and the bribing couriers is a fair stratagem, by all the laws of war. Shall I break open this letter ; or carry it to Lady Alton as it is ? No ; I'll read it myself, that I may have the credit of communicating the contents. Let me see ! (*opens the letter and reads*) „Thou dearest, most respectable, and most virtuous of women !“ So ! this is *à la folie*, indeed, as Monsieur La France calls it. — „If any consideration could add to my remorse, for the injury I have offered you, it would be the discovery of your real character.“ Ah, ah ! „I know who you are. I know you are the daughter of the unhappy Sir William Douglas.“ — So, so ! — „Judge then of the tumult of my soul ; which is only preserved from the horrors of despair, by the hopes of rendering some service to the father, which may, perhaps, in some measure atone for my behaviour to his too justly offended daughter. Give me leave, this evening, to sue for my pardon at your feet, and to inform you of the measures I have taken. In the mean time believe me unalterably yours.“ „Falbridge.“

This is a precious paquet, indeed. — Now if I could discover the father too ! — His Lordship's visit will be too late in the evening, I fancy ; the lady will not be at home ; but before she goes, once more to my old trade of eaves-dropping about her apartments ! The old gentleman and she are certainly together, and their conversation perhaps may be curious. At all events, Lady Alton must be gratified. Men of letters never get any thing of their patrons, but by sacrificing to their foibles.
(*Exit.*)

Amelia's Apartment.

Sir William Douglas and Amelia
discovered sitting.

Sir W. Every word you utter, touches me to the soul. Nothing but such noble sentiments could have supported your spirit under so many misfortunes.

Amel. Perhaps it is to my misfortunes that I owe those sentiments ; had I been brought up in ease and luxury, my mind, which has learnt fortitude from distress, might have been enfeebled by prosperity.

Sir W. Thou most amiable of thy sex, I conjure thee to hide nothing from me. You say you were born at Aberdeen; you confess that you are derived from one of those unhappy families, who suffered themselves to be so fatally deluded, and drawn from their allegiance to the best of kings. Why, why then, will you not tell me all? Why do you endeavour to conceal your name and family?

Amel. My duty to my family obliges me to silence. My father's life is forfeited by the sentence of the law; and he owes his existence at this hour to flight or secrecy. He may be in England; he may, for aught I know, be in London; and the divulging my name and family might create a fresh search after him, and expose him to new perils. Your conversation, it is true, has inspired me with respect and tenderness; but yet you are a stranger to me: I have reason to fear every thing, and one word may undo me.

Sir W. Alas! one word may make us both happy. Tell me; of what age were you when your cruel fortune separated you from your father?

Amel. An infant; so young, that I have not the least traces of him in my memory.

Sir W. And your mother; what became of her?

Amel. She, as I have often heard, was carried off by a fever, while she was preparing to embark with me, to follow the fortunes of my father. He, driven almost to despair by this last stroke of ill fortune, continually shifted his place of residence abroad; but for some years past, whether by his death, the miscarriage of letters, the infidelity of friends, or other accidents, I have not received the least intelligence of him; and now I almost begin to despair of hearing of him again, tho' I still persist in my enquiries.

Sir W. (rising.) It must be so; it is as I imagined. All these touching circumstances are melancholy witnesses of the truth of it. Yes, my child! I am that unhappy father whom you lost so early; I am that unfortunate husband, whom death and my unhappy fate, almost at the very same period, divorced from the best of wives; I am — I am Sir William Douglas.

Amel. Sir William Douglas! have I lived to see my father! then heaven has heard my prayers; this is the first happy moment of my unfortunate life (*embracing.*) — And yet your presence here fills me with apprehensions;

I tremble for your safety, for your life; how durst you venture your person in this kingdom? how can you expose yourself to the danger of discovery in this town? My whole soul is in a tumult of fear and joy.

Sir W. Do not be alarmed, my Amelia; fear nothing; heaven begins to smile upon my fortune. To find thee so unexpectedly, to find thee with a mind so superior to distress, softens the anguish of my past life, and gives me happy omens of the future.

Amel. Oh, Sir! by the joy I receive from the embraces of a father, let me conjure you to provide for your safety! do not expose me to the horror of losing you again: of losing you for ever! Quit this town immediately; every moment that you remain in it, is at the hazard of your life; I am ready to accompany you to any part of the world.

Sir W. My dear child! how I grieve that your youth and virtue should be involved in my misfortunes! Yes, we will quit this kingdom; prepare for your departure, and we may leave London this evening.

Enter Owen, hastily.

Ha! Owen! thou art come at a happy moment. I have found my daughter. This is your young mistress, the paragon of her sex, my dear, my amiable Amelia.

Owen. Oh, Sir, this is no time for congratulation. You are in the most imminent danger.

Sir W. What is the matter?

Owen. The officers of government are at this instant in the house. I saw them enter; I heard them say they had authority to apprehend some suspected person, and I ran immediately to inform you of your danger.

Amel. Oh, heaven! My father, what will you do?

Owen. Do not be alarmed, Sir; we are two; we are armed; and we may perhaps be able to make our way through them; I will stand by you to the last drop of my blood.

Sir W. Thou faithful creature! Stay, Owen; our fears may betray us; till we are sure we are attacked, let us shew no signs of opposition.

Enter Molly, hastily.

Molly. My dear mistress! we are ruined; we are undone for ever.

Amel. There are officers of justice in the house; I have heard it; tell me, tell me this instant whom do they seek for?

Molly. For you, Madam; for you; they have a warrant to apprehend you, they say.

Amel. But they have no warrant to apprehend any body else?

Molly. No, Madam; nobody else; but I will follow you to the end of the world.

Amel. My dear Molly, I did not mean *you*. Retire, Sir! (*to Sir William.*) For heavens sake leave me to their mercy; they can have no facts against me; my life has been as innocent as unfortunate, and I must soon be released.

Sir W. No, my child; I will not leave thee.

Molly. My child? This is Sir William Douglas then, as sure as I am alive!

Sir W. Besides, retiring at such a time might create suspicion, and incur the danger we would wish to avoid.

Molly. They will be in the room in a moment; I think I hear them upon the stairs; they would have been here before me, if Mr. Freeport had not come in and stopt them.

Sir W. Courage, my dear Amelia!

Amel. Alas, Sir! I have no terrors but for you.

Owen. They are here, Sir.

Molly. Oh, lord! here they are indeed; I am frightened out of my wits.

Enter Mrs. Goodman, Freeport, and Officers.

Free. A warrant to seize her? a harmless young woman? it is impossible.

Officer. Pardon me, Sir; if the young lady goes by the name of Amelia Walton, I have a warrant to apprehend her.

Free. On what account!

Officer. As a dangerous person.

Free. Dangerous!

Officer. Yes, Sir; suspected of disaffection and treasonable practices.

Amel. I am the unhappy object of your search, Sir; give me leave to know the substance of the accusation.

Officer. I cannot tell you particulars, Madam; but information upon oath has been made against you, and I am ordered to apprehend you.

Mrs. Good. But you will accept of bail, Sir; I will be bound for all I am worth in the world.

Officer. In these cases, Madam, bail is not usual; and if ever accepted at all, it is excessively high; and given by persons of very large property, and known character.

Free. Well; my property is large enough, and my character very well known. My name is Freeport.

Officer. I know you very well, Sir.

Free. I'll answer for her appearance; I'll be bound in a penalty of five hundred pounds, a thousand, two thousand, or what sum you please.

Officer. And will you enter into the recognisance immediately?

Free. With all my heart, come along! (*going.*)

Officer. And are you in earnest, Sir?

Free. Ay, to be sure. Why not?

Officer. Because, Sir, I'll venture to say there are but few people that place their money on such securities.

Free. So much the worse; he who can employ it in doing good, places it on the best security, and puts it out at the highest interest in the world.

(*Exit with the Officer.*)

Manent Sir William Douglas, etc.

Sir W. I can hardly trust my eyes and ears; who is this benevolent gentleman?

Mrs. Good. I don't wonder you are surprised at Mr. Freeport's manner of proceeding, Sir; but it is his way. He is not a man of compliment; but he does the most essential service in less time, than others take in making protestations.

Molly. Here he is again; heaven reward him!

Re - enter Freeport.

Free. So! that matter is dispatched; now to our other affairs! this is a busy day with me. — Look-ye, Sir William; we must be brief; there is no time to be lost.

Sir W. How! am I betrayed then!

Free. Betrayed! no; but you are discovered.

Owen. What! my master discovered!

(*offers to draw.*)

Free (*to Owen.*) Nay, never clap thy hand to thy sword, old trusty! your master is in danger, it is true; but not from me, I promise you. Go, and get him a postchaise; and let him pack off this instant; that is the best way of shewing your attachment to him at present. — Twenty years, Sir William, have not made so great an alteration in you, but I knew you the moment I saw you.

Mrs. Good. Harbour no distrust of Mr. Freeport, Sir; he is one of the worthiest men living.

Amel. I know his worthiness. His behaviour to the officer but this moment, uncommonly generous as it appeared, is not the first testimony he has given me to day, of his noble disposition.

Free. Noble! pshaw! nonsense!

Sir W. (*to Freeport.*) Sir; the kind manner in which you have been pleased to interest yourself in my affairs, has almost as much overpowered me, as if you had surprised me with hostile proceedings. Which way shall I thank you for your goodness to me and my Amelia?

Free. Don't thank me at all; when you are out of danger, perhaps I may make a proposal to you, that will not be disagreeable; at present think of nothing but your escape; for I should not be surprised, if they were very shortly to make you the same compliment they have paid to Amelia: and in your case, which is really a serious one, they might not be in the humour to accept of my recognisance.

Mr. Good. Mr. Freeport is in the right, Sir; every moment of delay is hazardous; let us prevail upon you to depart immediately! Amelia being wholly innocent, cannot be long detained in custody, and as soon as she is released, I will bring her to you, wherever you shall appoint.

Free. Ay, ay, you must be gone directly, Sir! and as you may want ready money upon the road, take my purse!

(*offering his purse.*)

Sir W. No, thou truest friend, I have no need of it. With what wonderful goodness have you acted towards me and my unhappy family!

Free. Wonderful! why wonderful? Would not you have done the same, if you had been in my place?

Sir W. I hope I should.

Free. Well then, where is the wonder of it? Come, come, let us see you make ready for your departure!

Sir W. Thou best of men!

Free. Best of men? Heaven forbid! I have done no more than my duty by you. I am a man myself; and am bound to be a friend to all mankind, you know.

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the Third Act.

Act IV.

Scene, Spatter's Apartment.

Lady Alton with a letter in her hand,
and Spatter.

L. Alt. Thanks, my good Spatter, many thanks for this precious epistle! more precious at present than one of Ovid, Pliny, or Cicero. It is at once a billet-doux and a state paper; and serves at the same time to convict her of conspiring against me and the publick.

Spat. It is a valuable manuscript, to be sure, Madam; and yet that is but the least half of my discoveries, since I left your Ladyship.

L. Alt. But is not this half, according to the Grecian axiom, more than the whole, Mr. Spatter?

Spat. When you know the whole, I believe you will think not, Madam.

L. Alt. Out with it then! I am impatient to be mistress of it.

Spat. By intercepting this letter of Lord Falbridge's, your Ladyship sees that we have discovered Amelia to be the daughter of Sir William Douglas.

L. Alt. True.

Spat. But what would you say, Madam, if I had found out the father himself too?

L. Alt. Sir William Douglas!

Spat. Is now in this house, Madam.

L. Alt. Impossible!

Spat. Nothing more certain. He arrived this morning under a feigned name. I saw him conducted to Amelia's apartment. This raised my suspicion, and I planted myself at her door, with all the circumspection of a spy, and address of a chambermaid. Then I overheard their

mutual acknowledgments of each other; and a curious interview it was. First they wept for grief; and then they wept for joy; and then they wept for grief again. Their tears, however, were soon interrupted by the arrival of the officer, whose purpose was partly defeated, as you have already heard, by the intervention of Freeport.

L. Alt. Yes, the brute! But that delay was not half so unfortunate, as your discoveries have been happy, Spatter; for my revenge shall now return on them with redoubled fury. — Issue out upon them once more; see what they are about; and be sure to give me immediate notice if Lord Falbridge should come. (*going.*)

Spat. Stay, Madam. After intercepting the letter, I sent for your Ladyship, that at so critical a juncture, you might be present on the spot: and if you go home again, we shall lose time, which perhaps may be precious, in running to and fro. Suppose you step into the study, till I return. You will find my own answer to my last pamphlet, and the two first sheets of the next month's Magazine to amuse you.

L. Alt. Planned like a wise general! Do you then go, and *reconnoitre* the enemy, while I lie here in ambush to reinforce you as soon as there shall be occasion. Do but give the word, we'll make a vigorous sally, put their whole body to rout, and take Amelia and her prisoners. (*Exeunt severally.*)

A Hall.

Freeport, alone.

I don't know how it is; but this Amelia here runs in my head strangely. Ever since I saw her, I think of nothing else. I am not in love with her. — In love with her! that's nonsense. But I feel a kind of uneasiness, a sort of pain that — I don't know what to make of it — I'll speak to her father about her.

Enter Owen.

Well, old true-penny! Have you prepared every thing for Sir William's departure?

Owen. We had need be going, indeed, Sir; we are in continual danger while we stay here; who d'ye think lodged the information against Madam Amelia?

Free. Who?

Owen. A person who lodges in this very house, it seems: one Mr. Spatter, Sir.

Free. Spatter! how d'ye know?

Owen. I had it from one of the officers who came to apprehend her.

Free. A dog! I could find in my heart to cut off his ears with my own hands, and save him the disgrace of the pillory.

Owen. My poor master is always unfortunate. If Lord Brumpton had lived a week longer, Sir William might perhaps have been out of the reach of their malice.

Free. Lord Brumpton?

Owen. Yes, Sir. He was soliciting my master's pardon; but died before he had accomplished his benevolent intentions.

Free. Ha! A thought strikes me (*apart.*) Hark ye, friend. (*to Owen*) does Sir William know the present Lord Brumpton?

Owen. No, Sir. The late lord had no children, or near relations, living; and indeed, he was the only surviving friend of my poor master in the kingdom.

Free. Is the chaise at the door?

Owen. Not yet, Sir, but I expect it every moment.

Free. Run to your master, and desire him not to go till I see him. Tell him I am going out upon his business, and will be back within this hour.

Owen. I will let him know immediately. — Ah, you're a true friend indeed, Sir.

(*shaking him earnestly by the hand.*)

Free. Pooh! prithee!

Owen. Ah! Heaven preserve you! (*Exit.*)

Freeport, alone.

Fare thee well, old honesty! — By the death of Lord Brumpton, without children or near relations living, as Owen says, the title and estate come to my old friend Jack Brumpton, of Leverpoole; who is of a distant branch; a fortieth cousin, for aught I know; who has past his whole life in a compting-house; and who, a few years ago, no more dreamt of being a Lord, than Grand Signior, or Great Mogul. He has so good a heart, that I believe it is impossible even for a title to corrupt it. I know he is in town; so I'll go to him immediately; acquaint him with the obligation entailed on him, to be of service to Sir William; and make him heir to the benevolence of his predecessor, as well as his wealth and dignity. (*going, stops.*) Who's here! Mrs. Goodman and Spatter, as I live!

Oh the dog! my blood rises at the villain. If I don't take care, I shall incur an action of battery for caning the rascal.

Enter Mrs. Goodman and Spatter.

Mrs. Good. In short, Mr. Spatter, I must beg leave to give you warning, and desire that you would provide yourself with another lodging as soon as possible.

Spat. What now? What the deuce is the matter with you, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. I see now the meaning of Lady Alton's recommendation of such a lodger to my house, as well as of her visits to Amelia, and her frequent conferences with you, Sir.

Spat. The woman is certainly out of her senses.

Free. What has been laid to your charge is no joke, Sir.

Spat. What! are you there to keep up her back-hand, Mr. Freeport? What is all this?

Free. You are found out to be a spy, Sir.

Mrs. Good. A person who pries into the secrets of families, merely to betray them.

Free. An informer.

Mrs. Good. An eaves-dropper.

Free. A liar.

Spat. Right-hand and left! this is too much: what the plague is the matter with you both!

Mrs. Good. Did not you go and tell that Amelia was a native of Scotland?

Spat. Well; and where's the harm of being born in Scotland?

Free. None; except by your malicious interpretation, rascal; by means of which you made it the ground of an information against her, and were the cause of her being apprehended.

Spat. And you were the cause of her being released; every man in his way, Mr. Freeport!

Free. Look you, sirrah! you are one of those wretches, who miscall themselves authors; a fellow, whose heart, and tongue, and pen, are equally scandalous; who try to insinuate yourself every where, to make mischief if there is none, and to increase it, if you find any. — But if you fetch and carry like a spaniel, you must be treated like one. I have observed that you are always loitering in the passages; but if I catch you within the

wind of a door again, I'll beat you till you are as black as your own ink, sirrah. Now you know my mind.

(Exit.)

Spat. Very civil and very polite indeed, Mr. Freeport. Ha! here comes my friend Lord Falbridge.

Mrs. Good. Lord Falbridge your friend? For shame, Mr. Spatter!

Enter Lord Falbridge, hastily.

L. Fal. Mrs. Goodman, I rejoice to see you. Tell me, how does my Amelia? I have heard of her distress, and flew to her relief. Was she alarmed? Was she terrified?

Mrs. Good. Not much, my Lord: she sustained the shock with the same constancy that she endures every other affliction.

L. Falb. I know her merit; I am too well acquainted with her greatness of soul; and hope it is not yet too late for me to do justice to her virtue. — Go to her, my dear Mrs. Goodman, and tell her, I beg to see her: I have something that concerns her very nearly, to impart to her.

Mrs. Good. I will, my Lord. *(Exit.)*

L. Fal. Oh, Mr. Spatter! I did not see you. What have you got there, Sir? *(seeing a paper in his hand)*

Spat. Proposals for a new work, my Lord! May I beg the honour of your Lordship's name among my list of subscribers?

L. Falb. With all my heart, Sir. I am already in your debt on another account. *(pulling out his purse.)*

Spat. To me, my Lord? You do me a great deal of honour; I should be very proud to be of the least service to your Lordship.

L. Falb. You have been of great service to me already, Sir. It was you, I find, lodged the information against this young lady.

Spat. I did no more than my duty, my Lord.

L. Fal. Yes; you did me a favour, Sir. I consider only the deed, and put the intention quite out of the question. You meant to do Amelia a prejudice, and you have done me a service: for by endeavouring to bring her into distress, you gave me an opportunity of shewing my eagerness to relieve her. — There, Sir! there is for the good you have done, while you meant to make mischief. *(giving him a few guineas.)* But take this along with it;

if you ever presume to mention the name of Amelia any more, or give yourself the least concern about her, or her affairs, I'll —

Spat. I am obliged to your Lordship. (*bowing.*)

L. Fal. Be gone, Sir; leave me.

Spat. Your most humble servant, my Lord! — So! I am abused by every body; and yet I get money by every body; — egad, I believe I am a much cleverer fellow, than I thought I was. (*Exit.*)

Lord Falbridge, alone.

Alas! I am afraid that Amelia will not see me. What would I not suffer to repair the affront that I have offered her!

Enter Molly.

Ha! Polly! how much am I obliged to you for sending me notice of Amelia's distresses?

Mol. Hush, my Lord! Speak lower, for heaven's sake! My mistress has so often forbid me to tell any thing about her, that I tremble still at the thoughts of the confidence I have put in you. I was bewitched, I think, to let you know who she was.

L. Fal. You were inspired, Polly; heaven inspired you to acquaint me with all her distresses, that I might recommend myself to her favour again, by my zeal to serve her, though against her will.

Mol. That was the reason I told you; for else I am sure I should die with grief to give her the least uneasiness.

L. Fal. But may I hope to see Amelia? Will she let me speak with her?

Mol. No, indeed, my Lord; she is so offended at your late behaviour, that she will not even suffer us to mention your name to her.

L. Fal. Death and confusion! What a wretch have I made myself! Go, Polly, go and let her know that I must speak with her; inform her, that I have been active for her welfare; and have authority to release her from the information lodged against her.

Mol. I will let her know your anxiety, my Lord; but indeed I am afraid she will not see you.

L. Fal. She must, Polly, she must. The agonies of my mind are intolerable, tell her, she must come, if it be but for a moment; or else, in the bitterness of despair, I fear I shall break into her apartment, and throw myself at her feet.

Mol. Lud! you frighten me out of my wits. Have a little patience, and I'll tell my mistress what a taking you are in.

L. Fal. Fly, then! I can taste no comfort, till I hear her resolution. *(Exit Molly.)*

Lord Falbridge, alone.

How culpably have I acted towards the most amiable of her sex! But I will make her every reparation in my power. The warmth and sincerity of my repentance shall extort forgiveness from her. By heaven, she comes! — Death! how sensibly does an ungenerous action abuse us! I am conscious of the superiority of her virtue, and almost dread the encounter.

Enter Amelia.

Amel. I understand, my Lord, that by your application I am held free of the charge laid against me; and that I am once more entirely at liberty. I am truly sensible of your good offices, and thank you for the trouble you have taken. *(going.)*

L. Fal. Stay, Madam! do not leave me in still greater distraction than you found me. If my zeal to serve you has had any weight with you, it must have inspired you with more favourable dispositions towards me.

Amel. You must pardon me, my Lord, if I cannot so soon forget a very late transaction. After that all your proceedings alarm me: nay, even your present zeal to serve me creates new suspicions, while I cannot but be doubtful of the motives from which it proceeds.

L. Fal. Cruel Amelia! for, guilty as I am, I must complain, since it was your own diffidence that was in part the occasion of my crime. — Why did you conceal your rank and condition from me? Why did not you tell me, that you were the daughter of the unhappy Sir William Douglas?

Amel. Who told you that I was so, my Lord?

L. Fal. Nay, do not deny it now: it is in vain to attempt to conceal it any longer; it was the main purport of my letter to apprise you of my knowledge of it.

Amel. Your letter, my Lord!

L. Fal. Yes; wild as it was, it was the offspring of compunction and remorse; and if it conveyed the dictates of my soul, it spoke me the truest of penitents. You did not disdain to read it, sure!

Amel. Indeed, my Lord, I never received any letter from you.

L. Fal. Not received any! I sent it this very morning. My own servant was the messenger. What can this mean? Has he betrayed me? At present, suffer me to compensate, as far as possible, for the wrong I have done you: receive my hand and heart, and let an honourable marriage obliterate the very idea of my past conduct.

Amel. No, my Lord: you have discovered me, it is true: I am the daughter of Sir William Douglas. Judge for yourself then; and think how I ought to look upon a man, who has insulted my distrefs, and endeavoured to tempt me to dishonour my family.

L. Fal. Your justice must acquit me of the intention of that offence, since at that time I was ignorant of your illustrious extraction.

Amel. It may be so; yet your excuse is but an aggravation of the crime. You imagined me, perhaps, to be of as low and mean an origin, as you thought me poor and unhappy. You supposed that I had no title to any dowry but my honour, no dependance but on my virtue; and yet you attempted to rob me of that virtue, which was the only jewel that could raise the meanness of my birth, or support me under my misfortunes; which, instead of relieving, you chose to make the pander to your vile inclinations.

L. Fal. Thou most amiable of thy sex, how I adore thee! Even thy resentment renders thee more lovely in my eyes, and makes thee, if possible, dearer to me than ever. Nothing but our union can ever make me happy.

Amel. Such an union must not, cannot be.

L. Fal. Why? What should forbid it?

Amel. My father.

L. Fal. Your father! where is he? In whatever part of the world he now resides, I will convey you to him, and he shall ratify our happiness.

Enter Molly, hastily.

Mol. O lord, Madam! here's the angry lady coming again; she that made such a racket this morning.

Amel. Lady Alton?

Mol. Yes, Madam.

L. Fal. Lady Alton! Confusion! Stay, Madam.

(to Amelia, who is going.)

Amel. No, my Lord; I have endured one affront from her already to day; why should I expose myself to a second? Her Ladyship, you know, has a prior claim to your attention.
(Exit.)

L. F. Distraction! I had a thousand things to say to her. — Go, my dear Polly, follow my Amelia! Plead earnestly in my behalf; urge all the tenderest things that fancy can suggest, and return to me as soon as Lady Alton is departed.

Mol. I will, my Lord. Oh lud! here she is, as I am alive! (Exit.)

L. Fal. Abandoned by Amelia! and hunted by this fury! I shall run wild.

Enter Lady Alton.

L. Alt. You may well turn away from me; at length I have full conviction of your baseness. I am now assured of my own shame, and your falsehood. Perfidious monster!

L. Fal. It is unjust to tax me with perfidy, Madam. I have rather acted with too much sincerity. I long ago frankly declared to you the utter impossibility of our reconciliation.

L. Alt. What! after having made your addresses to me? After having sworn the most inviolable affection for me! Oh, thou arch-deceiver!

L. Fal. I never deceived you; when I professed a passion, I really entertained one: when I made my addresses to you, I wished to call you my wife.

L. Alt. And what can you alledge in excuse of your falsehood? Have you not been guilty of the blackest perjury?

L. Fal. The change of my sentiments needs no excuse from me, Madam; you were yourself the occasion of it. — In spite of the torrent of fashion, and the practice of too many others of my rank in life, I have a relish for domestick happiness; and have always wished for a wife, who might render my home a delightful refuge from the cares and bustle of the world abroad. These were my views with you; but, thank heaven, your outrageous temper happily betrayed itself in good time, and convinced me that my sole aim in marriage would be frustrated: for I could neither have been happy myself, nor have made you so.

L. Alt. Paltry evasion! You have abandoned me for your Amelia; you have meanly quitted a person of letters, a woman of rank and condition, for an illiterate vagabond, a needy adventurer.

L. Fal. The person you mention, Madam, is, indeed, the opposite of yourself; she is all meekness, grace, and virtue.

L. Alt. Provoking traitor! You urge me past all sufferance. I meant to expostulate, but you oblige me to

invective. — But, have a care! You are not so secure as you suppose yourself; and I may revenge myself sooner than you imagine.

L. Fal. I am aware of your vindictive disposition, Madam; for I know that you are more envious than jealous, and rather violent than tender; but the present object of my affections shall be placed above your resentment, and challenge your respect.

L. Alt. Away, fond man! I know that object of your affections better than yourself; I know who she is; I know who the stranger is that arrived for her this morning; I know all: men more powerful than yourself shall be apprised of the whole immediately; and within these two hours, nay, within this hour, you shall see the unworthy object, for which you have slighted me, with all that is dear to her and you, torn away from you perforce. (going)

L. Fal. Ha! how's this? Stay, Madam! Explain yourself! But one word; do but hear me.

L. Alt. No; I disdain to hear you: I scorn all explanation. I have discovered the contemptible cause of your inconstancy, and know you to be mean, base, false, treacherous, and perfidious. You have forfeited my tenderness, and be assured you shall feel the effects of my revenge. (Exit.)

L. Fal. What does she mean! The stranger that arrived to day! — That arrived for my Amelia! Sure it cannot be. *(pausing.)* It is possible that — *(Re-enter Molly.)* Ha, Polly! explain these riddles to me. Lady Alton threatens me; she threatens my Amelia: does she know any thing? Her fury will transport her to every extravagance: how dreadful is jealousy in a woman!

Mol. Ay, it is a dreadful thing, indeed, my Lord. Well! heaven send me always to be in love, and never to be jealous!

L. Fal. But she talked of tearing Amelia from me perforce. — And then some stranger — She threatens *him* too: what is it she means?

Mol. What, a gentleman that came to Madam Amelia? (alarmed.)

L. Fal. Yes to Amelia; and arrived this very day, she says.

Mol. We are ruined for ever: she means Sir William Douglas!

L. Fal. The father of my Amelia! Is he here?

Mol. Yes, my Lord; I was bound to secrecy; but I can't help telling you the whole truth, because I am sure you will do all in your power to be of service to us.

L. Fal. You know my whole soul, Polly: this outrageous woman's malice shall be defeated.

Mol. Heaven send it may!

L. Fal. Be assured, it shall: do not alarm your mistress; I fly to serve her, and will return as soon as possible.

Mol. I shall be miserable till we see you again, my Lord. *(Exit.)*

L. Falb. And now, good heaven, that art the protection of innocence, second my endeavours! enable me to repair the affront I have offered to injured virtue, and let me relieve the unhappy from their distresses! *(Exit.)*

End of the Fourth Act.

Act V.

Scene, continues.

Lord Falbridge and Molly, meeting.

Mol. Oh, my Lord! I am glad to see you returned.

L. Fal. Where is your mistress? *(eagerly.)*

Mol. In her own chamber.

L. Fal. And where is Sir William Douglas?

Mol. With my mistress.

L. Fal. And have there been no officers here to apprehend them?

Mol. Officers! No, my Lord. Officers! you frighten me. I was in hopes, by seeing your Lordship so soon again, that there were some good news for us.

L. F. Never was any thing so unfortunate. The noble persons, to whom I meant to make application, were out of town, nor could by any means be seen or spoken with, till to-morrow morning: and to add to my distraction, I learnt that a new information had been made, and a new warrant issued to apprehend Sir William Douglas and Amelia.

Mol. Oh dear! What can we do then?

L. Fal. Do! I shall run mad. Go, my dear Polly, go to your Mistress, and Sir William, and inform them of their danger. Every moment is precious, but perhaps they may yet have time to escape.

Mol. I will, my Lord! *(going.)*

L. Fal. Stay! *(Molly returns.)* My chariot is at the

door; tell them, not to wait for any other carriage, but to get into that, and drive away immediately.

Mol. I will, my Lord. Oh dear! I never was so terrified in all my life. *(Exit.)*

Lord Falbridge, alone.

If I can but save them now, we may gain time for meditation. Ha! what noise? Are the officers coming! Who's here?

Enter La France.

La Fr. Milor, Mons. le Duc de —

L. Falb. Sirrah! Villain! You have been the occasion of all this mischief. By your carelessness, or treachery, Lady Alton has intercepted my letter to Amelia.

La Fr. Ledy Alton?

L. Falb. Yes, dog; did not I send you here this morning with a letter?

La Fr. Oui, Milor.

L. Falb. No, sirrah. You did not bring it; the lady never received any letter from me; she told me so herself; whom did you give it to? *(La France hesitates.)* Speak, or I'll shake your soul out of your body.

(shaking him.)

La Fr. I giv it to —

L. Falb. Who, rascal?

La Fr. Monsieur Spatter.

L. Falb. Mr. Spatter?

La Fr. Oui, Milor; he promis to giv it to Mademoiselle Amelie, vid his own hand.

L. Falb. I shall soon know the truth of that, Sir, for yonder is Mr. Spatter himself; run, and tell him I desire to speak with him.

La Fr. Oui, Milor; *ma foi*, I vas very near kesh; I never was in more *vilain embarras* in all my life. *(Exit.)*

Lord Falbridge, alone.

My letter's falling into the hands of that fellow, accounts for every thing. The contents instructed him concerning Amelia. What a wretch I am! Destined every way to be of prejudice to that virtue, which I am bound to adore.

Re-enter La France with Spatter.

Spat. Monsieur la France tells me, that your Lordship desires to speak with me; what are your commands, my Lord? *(pertly.)*

L. Fal. The easy impudence of the rascal puts me out of all patience. *(to himself.)*

Spat. My Lord!

L. Fal. The last time I saw you, Sir, you were rewarded for the good you had done; you must expect now to be chastised for your mischief.

Spat. Mischief, my Lord?

L. Fal. Yes, Sir: where is that letter of mine, which la France tells me, he gave you to deliver to a young lady of this house?

Spat. Oh the devil! *(apart.)* Letter, my Lord? *(hesitates.)*

L. Fal. Yes, letter, Sir; did not you give it him, la France?

La Fr. Oui, Milor!

Spat. Y-e-e-s, yes, my Lord! I had the letter of Monsieur La France, to be sure, my Lord; but — but —

L. Fal. But what, sirrah? give me the letter immediately; and if I find that the seal has been broken, I will break every bone in your skin.

Spat. For heaven's sake, my Lord! *(feeling in his pockets.)* I-I-I have not got the letter about me at present, my Lord; but if you will give me leave to step to my apartment, I'll bring it you immediately.

(offering to go.)

L. Fal. *(stopping him.)* No, no; that will not do, Sir; you shall not stir, I promise you. — Look ye, rascal! tell me, what is become of my letter, or it will be the death of you: this instant. *(drawing.)*

Spat. *(kneeling.)* Put up your sword, my Lord; put up your sword; and I will tell you every thing in the world. Indeed, I will.

L. Fal. Well, Sir; be quick then!

(putting up his sword.)

Spat. Lady Alton —

L. Fal. Lady Alton! I thought so; go on, Sir.

Spat. Lady Alton, my Lord, desired me to procure her all the intelligence in my power, concerning every thing that past between your Lordship and Amelia.

L. Fal. Well, Sir; what then?

Spat. A little patience, I entreat your Lordship. Accordingly, to oblige her Ladyship — one must oblige the ladies, you know, my Lord — I did keep a pretty sharp look-out, I must confess: and this morning meet-

ing Monsieur La France, with a letter from your Lordship in his charge, I very readily gave him five guineas of her Ladyship's bounty-money, to put it into my hands.

La Fr. *Oh Diable! me voilà perdu!* (aside.)

L. Fal. How! A bribe, rascal? (to *La France*.)

La Fr. Ah, Milor! (on his knees.)

Spat. At the same price for every letter, he would have sold a whole mail, my Lord.

La Fr. *Ayez pitié de moi!* (holding up his hands.)

L. Fal. Betray the confidence I reposed in you?

Spat. He offered me the letter of his own accord, my Lord.

La Fr. No such ting, *en vérité*, Milor!

Spat. Very true, I can assure your Lordship.

L. Fal. Well, well; I shall chastise him at my leisure. At present, Sir, do you return me my letter.

Spat. I — I have it not about me, my Lord.

L. Fal. Where is it, rascal? tell me this instant, or —

La Fr. Ledy Alton —

L. Fal. (to *Spat.*) What! has she got it? speak, sirrah!

Spat. She has indeed, my Lord.

L. Fal. Are not you a couple of villains?

La Fr. Oui, Milor)

Spat. Yes, my Lord!) both speak at once.

L. Fal. (to *Spat.*) But hold, Sir! a word more with you! As you seem to be Lady Alton's chief agent, I must desire some further information from you.

Spat. Any thing in my power, my Lord.

L. Fal. I can account for her knowledge of Amelia by means of my letter: but how did she discover Sir William Douglas?

Spat. I told her, my Lord.

L. Fal. But how did you discover him yourself?

Spat. By listening, my Lord.

L. Fal. By listening?

Spat. Yes, by listening, my Lord! let me but once be about a house, and I'll engage to clear it, like a ventilator, my Lord. There is not a door to a single apartment in this house, but I have planted my ears at the keyhole.

L. Fal. And were these the means, by which you procured your intelligence?

Spat. Yes, my Lord.

L. Fal. Impossible.

Spat. Oh dear! nothing so easy; this is nothing at

all, my Lord! I have given an account of the plays in our Journal, for three months together, without being nearer the stage than the pit-passage; and I have collected the debates of a whole session, for the magazine, only by attending in the lobby.

L. Fal. Precious rascal! — Ha, who comes here? Lady Alton herself again, as I live!

Spat. (apart.) The devil she is! I wish I was out of the house.

Enter Lady Alton.

L. Alt. What! still here, my Lord? still witnessing to your own shame, and the justice of my resentment?

L. Fal. Yes, I am still here, Madam; and sorry to be made witness of your cruelty and meanness; of your descending to arts, so much beneath your rank; and practices, so unworthy of your sex.

L. Alt. You talk in riddles, my Lord!

L. Fal. This gentleman shall explain them. Here, Madam! here is the engine of your malice, the instrument of your vengeance, your prime minister, Mr. Spatter.

L. Alt. What have I to do with Mr. Spatter?

L. Fal. To do mischief; to intercept letters, and break them open; to overhear private conversations, and betray them; to —

L. Alt. Have you laid any thing of this kind to my charge, Sir? (to Spatter.)

Spat. I have been obliged to speak the truth, though much against my will, indeed, Madam.

L. Alt. The truth! thou father of lies, did ever any truth proceed from thee? What! is his Lordship your new patron! A fit Maecenas for thee, thou scandal to the *belles lettres*!

L. Fal. Your rage at this detection is but a fresh conviction of your guilt.

L. Alt. Do not triumph, monster! you shall still feel the superiority I have over you. The object of your wishes is no longer under your protection; the officers of the government entered the house at the same time with myself, with a warrant to seize both Amelia and her father.

L. Fal. Confusion! Are not they gone then? La France! villain! run, and bring me word.

La. Fr. I go, Milor! (Exit.)

L. Alt. Do not flatter yourself with any hopes; they have not escaped; here they are, secured in proper hands.

L. Fal. Death and distraction! now I am completely miserable.

Enter Sir William Douglas, Amelia, Owen, and Officers.

L. Alt. Yes, your misery is complete indeed; and so shall be my revenge. Oh! your servant, Madam! (*turning to Amelia.*) You now see to what a condition your pride and obstinacy have reduced you. Did not I bid you tremble at the consequences?

Amel. It was here alone that I was vulnerable. (*holding her father's hand.*) Oh, Madam, (*turning to Lady Alton*) by the virtues that should adorn your rank, by the tenderness of your sex, I conjure you, pity my distress! do but release my father; and there are no concessions, however humiliating, which you may not exact from me.

L. Alt. Those concessions now come too late, Madam. If I were even inclined to relieve you, at present it is not in my power. (*haughtily.*) Lord Falbridge perhaps may have more interest. (*with a sneer.*)

L. Fal. Cruel, insulting woman! (*to Lady Alton.*) Do not alarm yourself, my Amelia! — Do not be concerned, Sir! (*to Sir William.*) Your enemies shall still be disappointed. Although ignorant of your arrival, I have for some time past exerted all my interest in your favour, and by the mediation of those still more powerful, I do not despair of success. Your case is truly a compassionate one; and in that breast, from which alone mercy can proceed, thank heaven, there is the greatest reason to expect it.

S. W. I am obliged to you for your concern, Sir.

L. Fal. Oh, I owe you all this, and much more — But this is no time to speak of my offences, or repentance.

L. Alt. This is mere trifling. I thought you knew on what occasion you came hither, Sir. (*to the Officer.*)

Officer. Your reproof is too just, Madam. I attend you, Sir. (*to Sir William.*)

L. Fal. Hold! Let me prevail on you, Sir, (*to the Officer*) to suffer them to remain here till to-morrow morning. I will answer for the consequences.

Officer. Pardon me, my Lord! we should be happy to oblige you; but we must discharge the duty of our office.

L. Fal. Distraction!

Sir W. Come then! we follow you, Sir! Be comforted, my Amelia! for my sake, be comforted! Wretched

as I am, your anxiety shocks me more than my own misfortunes.

As they are going out, Enter Freeport.

Free. Heyday! what now! the officers here again! I thought we had satisfied you this morning. What is the meaning of all this?

Officer. This will inform you, Sir. (*giving the warrant.*)

Free. How's this? Let me see! (*reading.*) *This is to require you — um um — the bodies of William Ford and Amelia Walton — um — um — suspected persons — um — um — Well, well! I see what this is: but you will accept of bail, Sir.*

Officer. No, Sir; this case it notailable, and we have already been reprimanded for taking your recognizance this morning.

Sir W. Thou good man! I shall ever retain the most lively sense of your behaviour: but your kind endeavours to preserve the poor remainder of my proscribed life are in vain. We must submit to our destiny. (*all going.*)

Free. Hold, hold! one word, I beseech you, Sir! (*to the Officer*) a minute or two will make no difference — Bail then, it seems, will not do, Sir?

Officer. No, Sir.

Free. Well, well; then I have something here that will perhaps. (*feeling in his pocket.*)

L. Fal. How!

L. Alt. What does he mean?

Free. No, it is not there. — It is in t' other pocket, I believe. Here, Sir William! (*producing a parchment.*) Ask the gentleman, if *that* will not do. — But first of all, read it yourself, and let us hear how you like the contents.

Sir W. What do I see! (*opening and perusing it.*) My pardon! the full and free pardon of my offences! Oh heaven! and is it to you then, to you, Sir, that I owe all this? — Thus, thus let me shew my gratitude to my benefactor! (*falling at his feet.*)

Free. Get up, get up, Sir William! Thank heaven, and the most gracious of monarchs. You have very little obligation to me, I promise you.

Amel. My father restored! Then I am the happiest of women.

L. Fal. A pardon! I am transported.

L. Alt. How's this? a pardon!

Free. Under the great seal, Madam.

L. Alt. Confusion! what! am I baffled at last then?

Am I disappointed even of my revenge? — Thou officious fool! (*to Freeport.* May these wretches prove as great a torment to you, as they have been to me! As for thee, (*to Lord Falbridge*) thou perfidious monster, may thy guilt prove thy punishment! May you obtain the unworthy union you desire! May your wife prove as false to you, as you have been to me! May you be followed, like Orestes, with the furies of a guilty conscience; find your error when it is too late; and die in all the horrors of despair! (*Exit.*)

Free. There goes a woman of quality for you! what little actions! and what a great soul! — Ha! Master Spatter! where are you going? (*to Spatter, who is sneaking off.*)

Spat. Following the Muse, Sir! (*pointing after Lady Alton.*) But if you have any further command' or his Lordship should have occasion for me to write his Epithalamium —

L. Fal. Peace, wretch! sleep in a whole skin, and be thankful! I would solicit mercy myself, and have not leisure to punish you. Be gone, Sir!

Spat. I am obliged to your Lordship. — This affair will make a good article for the Evening-Post to night, however. (*Aside, and Exit.*)

Sir W. How happy has this reverse of fortune made me! — But my surprise is almost equal to my joy. May we beg you, Sir, (*to Freeport*) to inform us how your benevolence has effected what seems almost a miracle in my favour?

Free. In two words then, Sir William, this happy event is chiefly owing to your old friend, the late Lord Brumpton.

Sir W. Lord Brumpton!

Free. Yes; honest Owen there told me, that his Lordship had been employed in soliciting your pardon. Did not you, Owen?

Owen. I did, Sir.

Free. Upon hearing that, and perceiving the danger you were in, I went immediately to the present Lord Brumpton; who is a very honest fellow, and one of the oldest acquaintance I have in the world. He, at my instance, immediately made the necessary application; and guess how agreeably we were surprised to hear that the late Lord had already been successful, and that the pardon had been made out, on the very morning of the day his Lordship died. Away went I, as fast as a pair of horses could carry me, to fetch it; and should certainly have prevented this last arrest, if the warrant to apprehend you, as dangerous persons, had not issued under your assumed names of William Ford and

Amelia Walton, against whom the information had been laid. But, however, it has only served to prevent your running away, when the danger was over; for at present, Sir William, thank heaven and his majesty, you are a whole man again, and you have nothing to do but to make a legal appearance, and to plead the pardon I have brought you, to absolve you from all informations.

L. Fal. Thou honest excellent man! How happily have you supplied what I failed to accomplish!

Free. Ay, I heard that your Lordship had been busy. — You had more friends at Court than one, Sir William, I promise you.

Sir W. I am overwhelmed with my sudden good fortune, and am poor even in thanks. Teach me, Mr. Freeport, teach me how to make some acknowledgment for your extraordinary generosity!

Free. I'll tell you what, Sir William. Notwithstanding your daughter's pride, I took a liking to her, the moment I saw her.

L. Fal. Ha! What's this!

Free. What's the matter, my Lord?

L. Fal. Nothing. Go on, Sir!

Free. Why then, to confess the truth, I am afraid that my benevolence, which you have all been pleased to praise so highly, had some little leaven of self-interest in it; and I was desirous to promote Amelia's happiness more ways than one.

L. Fal. Then I am the veriest wretch that ever existed. — But take her, Sir! for I must confess that you have deserved her by your proceedings; and that I, fool and villain that I was, have forfeited her by mine. (*going.*)

Free. Hold, hold! one word before you go, if you please, my Lord! You may kill yourself for aught I know, but you shan't lay your death at my door, I promise you. I had a kindness for Amelia, I must confess; but in the course of my late negotiation for Sir William, hearing of your Lordship's pretensions, I dropt all thoughts of her. It is a maxim with me, to do good wherever I can, but always to abstain from doing mischief. — Now as I can't make the lady happy myself, I would fain put her into the hands of those that can. — So, if you would oblige me, Sir William, let me join these two young folks together, (*joining their hands*) and do you say Amen to it.

Sir W. With all my heart! — You can have no objection, Amelia. (*Amelia bursts into tears.*)

L. Fal. How bitterly do those tears reproach me

It shall be the whole business of my future life to atone for them.

Amel. Your actions this day, and your solicitude for my father, have redeemed you in my good opinion; and the consent of Sir William, seconded by so powerful an advocate as Mr. Freeport, cannot be contended with. Take my hand, my Lord! a virtuous passion may inhabit the purest breast; and I am not ashamed to confess, that I had conceived a partiality for you, till your own conduct turned my heart against you; and if my resentment has given you any pain, when I consider the occasion, I must own that I cannot repent it.

L. F. Mention it no more, my love, I beseech you! You may justly blame your lover, I confess; but I will never give you cause to complain of your husband.

Free. I don't believe you will. I give you joy, my Lord! I give you all joy. As for you, Madam, (*to Amelia*) do but shew the world that you can bear prosperity, as well as you have sustained the shocks of adversity, and there are few women, who may not wish to be an Amelia.

F i n i s.

Bei den Brüdern Hahn in Hannover sind
zu haben:

1) Englische Schulbücher.

- Baylan, englisch : deutsch und deutsch : engl. Lexicon. Neueste
Auflage von Fabrenkrüge. gr. 8. 4 Rthlr. 8 ggr.
Kalkmanns, Gegenstände der ältesten Geschichte, ein englisches
Lesebuch, aus den besten Schriftstellern zusammengetragen,
und mit einem Wörterbuche begleitet. 7 Bogen. 8. 6 ggr.
Kühne, F. L., engl. Lesebuch zur Erlernung der Umgangssprache
mit Hinweisung auf dessen engl. Sprachlehre gr. 8. 9 ggr.
Müller, G. A., praktisches Lehr- und Hülfsbuch der engl.
Sprache, 2te vermehrte Aufl. 8. 16 ggr.
The adventures of Joseph Pignata translated from the
French, with a sufficient German phraseology, by Chri-
stian Christiani. 8. 12 ggr.
The vicar of Wakefield, a tale, by Oliv. Goldsmith. Mit
richtiger Accentuation, deutschen Anmerkungen und einem
alphabet. Verzeichnisse der vorzügl. unregelmäßigen Zeit-
wörter versehen. Herausgegeben v. G. A. Müller. 8. 16 ggr.
— — a tale supposed to be written by himself. 12. 8 ggr.
Baletts Vorübungen zum Schreiben des ächt Englischen. Ein
Uebersetzungsbuch. 16 Bogen. 8. 12 ggr.

2) Lateinische Schulbücher.

- Bröders elementarisches Lesebuch der lateinischen Sprache für
die untern Classen. Ein Pedant zu dessen kl. lateinischen
Grammatik. gr. 8. 2te verbess. Aufl. 8 ggr.
Uebungen der lateinischen Conjugationen in deutschen Aufsätzen,
nebst einer noch nirgends gegebenen Anleitung zur rechten
Stellung der Wörter. gr. 8. 8 ggr.
Ciceronis, M. T., de lege liber sive de legibus liber primus.
Recens. et annotat. auxit J. F. Wagner. 8. 10 ggr.
— — tusculanarum disputationem libri V. ad optimas edit.
curavit et selectam lectionum varietatem adjecit A. M.
Koel. 8. maj. 9 ggr.
— — de natura deorum libri tres, ex recensione Ernestina et
cum notis perpetuis Chr. Vict. Kindervater. 8. maj. 1 Rthlr.
Cornelii Nepotis excellentium imperatorum vitae. 12. 3 ggr.
Eutropii breviarium historiae romanae. Editio accur. 8.
maj. 3 ggr.
— — historiae romanae, mit deutschen Anmerkungen und
einem Wortregister. 8. 6 ggr.
Hagemanns, A. W., Anleitung zum Uebersetzen aus dem Deutsch.
ins Latein., für die ersten Anfänger, in einer Uebersetzung
des Bröderschen elementarischen Lesebuchs für die untern
Classen. 14 Bogen. 2te verm. Aufl. gr. 8. 8 ggr.

- Phaedri, A. L. fabularum Aesopicarum libri V. et novarum fabularum appendix; ad usum scholarum. 8. 1809. 2 ggr.
- Schelleri, I. J. G., praecepta stili bene latini, inprimis Ciceroniam, seu eloquentiae romanae, quatenus haec nostris temporibus in dicendo et scribendo usurpari potest, editio tertia, auctior et emendatior. 2 Tomi. 8. maj. 2 Rthlr. 8 ggr.
- — Compendium praeceptorum stili bene latini, inprimis Ciceroniani, seu eloquentiae latinae declarandae, in usum praelectionum, editio tertia auctior et emendatior. 8. maj. 16 ggr.
- — ausführliche lateinische Sprachlehre oder sogenannte Grammatik, 4te durchaus verm. Aufl. gr. 8. 1 Rthlr. 8 ggr.
- — kleines lateinisches Wörterbuch, 3te vermehrte Aufl. gr. 8. 12 ggr.
- — ausführliches und möglichst vollständiges lateinisch: deutsches Wörterbuch. 3te ganz umgearbeitete und sehr verm. Aufl. in 5 Bänden. gr. 8. 12 Rthlr.
- — ausführliches und möglichst vollständiges deutsch: lateinisches Lexicon. 3te sehr verm. Aufl., in 2 Bänd. gr. 8. 4 Rthlr.
- — lateinisch: deutsch und deutsch: lateinisches Handlexicon, vornämlich für Schulen, von neuen durchgesehen, verbessert und vermehrt durch G. H. Lünemann, Lehrer am Gymnasio zu Göttingen, 3 Bände. gr. 8. 4 Rthlr.
- — kleine lateinische Sprachlehre für Schulen. Neueste verbess. Aufl. von Döring. gr. 8. 8 ggr.
- — Observationes in priscos scriptores quosdam. 8. maj. 20 ggr.
- Wittfugels, Fr. Chr., lateinische Fabellese, aus alten und neuen Fabeldichtern gesammelt, und mit einem vollständigen Wortregister für Schulen herausgegeben. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ Bogen. 8. Auf weißes Papier sehr rein, leserlich und doch Raum ersparend gedruckt, nur 6 ggr.

3) Italienische Bücher.

- Antonini, Annibal, nuovo Dizzionario italiano - tedesco e tedesco - italiano, edizione terza rividuto, aumendato e migliorato da Luigi Enrico Teuchero, 2 Vol. 8. maj. 2 Rthlr. 16 ggr.
- Commedie di P. Terenzio; tradotte in versi sciolti da Nicolo Fortiguerra col commentario tedesco. 8. 14 ggr.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, written in cursive script.

Küch

Kühne, Friedrich Theodor,

Englisches Lesebuch zur Erlernung der Umgangssprache mit Hinweisung auf
meine englische Sprachlehre

Hannover 1814

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- Spw 1218

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11280712-4